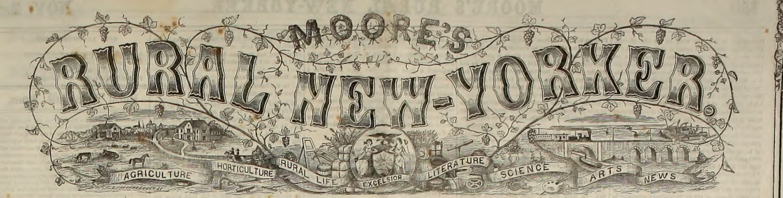


TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XII. NO. 44.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861. {WHOLE NO. 616.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

CROPS IN AMERICA AND EUROPE.

IN some sections of our country the crops have proved far better than the average, while in others, from the depredations of the Army Worm, and from other causes, the results of the year's labor have proved less satisfactory. On the whole, however, we have reasons for gratitude to the Giver of all Good; for we have enough for home consumption, enough for the brave and patriotic men who are fighting the battles of their country, and from whose noble sacrifices we anticipate a glorious harvest of good results to our own favored land and the lovers of liberty everywhere. We have enough, too, to supply the deficiency which exists in Europe, and which will, no doubt, cause a great demand for American grain—a demand which we can supply with benefit to ourselves and our customers.

By reference to our news columns it will be seen that Portugal is looking to this country for the staff of life. We have reports also from other sections of a great deficiency in grain, while poor Ireland seems doomed to another winter of famine and suffering. Never since the memorable years of 1846 and 1847, has there been such a general destruction of the potato, by rot, as the present season. It is on this crop that the poor depend for subsistence during the winter, and the most serious consequences are anticipated by the true-hearted men of Ireland. Meetings have been called in many districts to obtain, if possible, a full knowledge of the extent of the evil and the best means of averting the consequences, and preventing suffering and crime. At one meeting where reports were called for from several districts, we observe that no one reported more than one-quarter of the crop safe, while others gave twenty per cent. good, and still others regretted to declare the melancholy fact that in their districts the entire crop was lost. The *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, in summing up the whole matter, says:—"In several districts the portion which is free from disease is very small indeed, while even that portion is almost unfit for use as human food. In the other districts, two-thirds and three-fourths of the crop are diseased."

This is a sad picture, truly, and one which should hush all complaints at the partial losses which we have suffered, and which will bring neither want nor starvation to any one, and in only a few cases severe loss. Some good may grow out of this evil; for an effort is being made to induce land-holders to drain their grounds the coming winter, and thus furnish employment to farm hands and laborers, and at the same time benefit the proprietors. In urging this matter, several gentlemen stated that they had drained land at an expense of from forty to fifty dollars an acre, and the increased value of the three crops following had paid all the cost, while the land for all practical purposes had been doubled in value by the operation. Here we have another evidence of the value of thorough drainage that American farmers would do well to remember.

In other countries of Europe we learn from the foreign journals that there is a deficiency in grain crops, which all seem to admit must be supplied from this country. After all that has been said of the importance of the cotton crop, the present year's experience may prove that corn is of more importance than cotton,—in fact, that Corn is King. The European demand, as soon as it begins to be felt seriously in our markets, will doubtless cause an advance in price, and farmers who live near the sea-board may anticipate remunerative prices at least. For our farming friends at the West we hope for better times. We hope the day is passed when they will be compelled to sell good corn at eight or ten cents a bushel, and yet we have our fears, for they seem to be but the servants of the shippers, who obtain more for transporting a bushel of corn from Chicago to Buffalo than the farmer does for growing, husking, and shelling. It is said that a vessel carrying 20,000 bushels of corn at present prices clears over $3,000 by a single trip between these ports. This is wrong, and must result from a deficiency in the means of transportation, or an unholy combination among shippers. If the latter, we know of no remedy but a like combination among growers of corn as a means of self-protection. If the former, we hope means will be soon obtained to carry the produce of the Great West to the seaboard at fair prices. In either case, farmers should not be in a hurry to sell their crops at such ruinous rates, but wait for a better time, which we are confident is coming, and that before long. If shippers will not work for a fairly remunerative compensation, their vessels should rot at the docks.

* * *

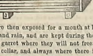
THE POTATO ROT.

THE prevalence of the potato rot in Europe the present year has caused both practical and scientific men to give increased attention to the subject, to ascertain if possible the cause and cure; and although the results of past researches in this field have not been such as to raise very exalted anticipations of the present, the subject is one of such vast importance as to give it great interest, and cause us to hope, even against hope, that a remedy may be at last discovered that will banish the malady from the earth, or bring it under easy control.

Prof. DE BARY, a celebrated Botanist of Leipzig, has published a pamphlet on the subject, in which he reviews what has been written on the subject worthy of notice, and gives the results of a series of experiments to ascertain the habits of a peculiar parasite which always precedes, and which he believes is the immediate cause of the malady. It is a fungus growth or mildew, of a peculiar character, propagating and spreading with marvelous rapidity in moist weather, or even in water, appearing on the leaves and destroying the tissue of them, and producing brown spots. In dry weather it cannot flourish, but dies. This fungus matter is washed down among the tubers by rains, where it propagates with the same rapidity as upon the leaves, those near the surface suffering the most, while tubers deeper in the soil often escape.

The Professor arrives at the following conclusion: "It is quite useless to attempt to destroy, by any external remedies, a parasite which so completely undermines the tissue of the plant, as in the case of the Vine mildew, where the threads of the parasite creep over the surface. Early planting, removal of the haulm when diseased, drying of the tubers, and other remedies which have been recommended, must be considered rather as palliatives than preventives. DE BARY, however, suggests one mode which may in all probability prove useful in careful intelligent hands. A plot of ground of sufficient size only for the production of the seed tubers which may be requisite, and as distant as may be in the farm from the general potato crop, is to be selected, and that perfectly well drained and as much adapted as possible for the growth of healthy tubers. This is to be planted with tubers which show no outward trace of disease. The crop is then to be watched carefully, and the moment a diseased leaf appears, it is to be removed and destroyed, the cultivator himself undertaking the task, and going carefully over the plot, which must of course be of manageable dimensions, two or three times a day. The stems are also to be watched, and, if necessary, they as well as the leaves must be removed. The zoospores under such circumstances, unless brought from a distance, cannot be washed down to the tubers, and a very few only will be diseased. A repetition of the process would in all probability banish the malady in great measure from the farm. It is obvious, however, that the cultivator must have a distinct knowledge of his enemy before he sets to work, and not mistake merely withered or curled leaves for the ravages of the mold."

Having given so much as the results of scientific experiments, we now call attention to the plan of growing potatoes free from rot, which also has the advantage of accelerating their maturity—a very important matter for those who grow potatoes for market near large cities. At the late exhibition of the Imperial Horticultural Society of Paris, M. GAUTHIER exhibited specimens in illustration of a method he has adopted for giving additional vigor and accelerating the maturity of potatoes, so as in a great measure to save them from the disease. He takes up his potatoes as soon as ripe, and selects the best tubers among the largest or medium size, and puts them into flat square crates about 28 inches long, 14 inches broad, and 5 or 6 inches deep, open at the top and bottom and between the bars, and with two thick cross-bars underneath, so that when packed one upon another there may be a free circulation of air between each. The appearance of this crate is shown in the engraving.



They are then exposed for a month at least in the open air and rain, and are kept during the winter in a shed or garret where they will not freeze, but not in a dark cellar, and always where there is as free a circulation of air as possible. With this treatment they soon become green, and the eyes push, but not with weak and sickly shoots, as in the cellar, but short, thick, green shoots, which must be kept with the greatest care from being rubbed off or injured. The roots, therefore, are never disturbed in the crates, but are carried in them to the planting ground. This is done as early in the season as the ground can be got ready, and these shoots are found to form stems, much more healthy, vigorous and productive, and more capable of resisting the disease than those which have lain dormant through the winter until the moment of planting, besides they may be taken up, being ripe, before the disease appears to any extent. M. GAUTHIER says that when tubers are large and have to be cut for planting, it increases very much their vigor and productiveness if they are cut in autumn, three or four weeks after they are taken up, instead of performing the operation at the time of planting.

* * *

YELLOW CLOVER, AGAIN.

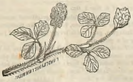
IN response to our call for specimens of Yellow Clover, we have received samples from several places in the north-east parts of this State, mostly bordering the Hudson. In all cases save one our friends have sent us but one species, *Trifolium agrarium*, showing that this has become pretty well disseminated in that section. The small species, *T. procumbens*, is the most abundant, yet is no doubt considered too small or too worthless to receive attention. To a lady of Rensselaer county we are indebted for the following interesting communication:

EDS. RURAL:—In looking over your last issue, I saw an article headed, *Yellow Clover*. The yellow flowered clover that ENOCH WILLIAMS speaks of seems to be precisely such as I have found in our garden. Two years ago I first observed it, and pressed a branch and carried it to the Agricultural Rooms, Albany. It grows similar to the red clover, except in its blossoms, which it bears in small bunches, all along its branches, and they are yellow. Take a good sized stool, when it has well expanded, and there will be all sized seeds, from ripe ones to flowers upon the ends of the branches. When the seeds are ripe they look very singular, being in clusters, as black as a coal. I send you one stem of leaves, which you will see are for size between the red and white clovers. It is this year's growth from the seed. I have been particular to burn up all I found that were ripe, for fear it would prove as worthless as the other yellow clover, and on reading your request I looked for some, but found only one stool and that young.

I also send you a specimen of the other yellow clover which is filling our lands here, even in the woods. It grows abundantly, and is entirely worthless as food for cattle, or for fodder, being, when cut, more like sticks than hay, and unless cut up with other hay the cattle will not touch it. I am told it was introduced into this country by a Mr. GRAVES, who was a foreigner by birth. He was famous for his imported sheep, and sowed the seed to raise feed for his stock. He lived about four miles from us. It has been for twenty years or more in this county, Rensselaer. MRS. H. WIER.

Johnsonville, N. Y., 1861.

The first variety described, with seeds "as black as a coal," is no doubt *Medicago lupulina*, which is not a clover, though a leguminous plant, and much more valuable than any of the yellow clovers of which we have any account. We give an engraving of a small branch, showing the leaf, flower and head containing the seeds, as they appear when nearly matured.



The other species described, we find from the specimen received, is a Yellow Clover, *Trifolium agrarium*, and it will be seen that our correspondent justifies the opinions we expressed in regard to its value. A "*New Subscriber*" in Kingsboro, Fulton county, sends us fine specimens of *T. agrarium*, and says: "Cattle feed on it well, both in pasture and hay. It has produced two tuns per acre in hay."

* * *

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

A ROTARY PLOW OR AUTOMATON SPADER.

I AM one of a class, if such a class there be, who believe in the existence of a supreme law of adaptation. I do not believe in the success of any thing, or idea, mechanical, philosophical, or ethical—or that there will be any success—until the people are ready, by the discovery of its necessity and use, to receive and adopt it.

There are many good things invented which are not successful, though practical in character, because they are not adapted to the present wants, condition or stage of progress of the people. For instance, it is folly to talk about draining our western lands with tile, so long as lands are so cheap, labor and tile so costly, and capital so scarce. Tile are useful in some countries, and in localities in all countries are necessary, and the cheapest and best mode of draining land. But so long as our prairies may be drained quite as well, a hundred times more rapidly, and at one-tenth the cost by the use of the mole ditcher, it is useless to waste time talking tile to western men. It is impracticable to use it to a large extent here. It is not adapted to our conditions and wants. Mole ditchers are! Hence, in judging of the merit and value of any new invention, an estimate of its worth must embrace its *adaptation* to the *wants* and *ability* of the class for whose use it is intended, as well as to the character of the work it is designed to accomplish.

At the Milwaukee fair, (and at Chicago too,) Mr. C. COMSTOCK, of Milwaukee, exhibited a new implement to which he has given the above title. It consists of an iron wheel or skeleton drum, thirty inches long, suspended by an eccentric axle, supported by two small cartwheels. The periphery of this skeleton drum consists of a series of wrought iron forks or spades, with arms or handles as levers, which are worked, and the required motion secured, by the use of friction rollers and a peculiar cam. This cam regulates the thrust of the spades in the ground, the lifting of the earth, and insures its perfect pulverization. Well, here stood this two-horse spader or pulverizer, three or four days at Milwaukee, and as many days at Chicago, the inventor spending his breath explaining it to every man who made an inquiry—telling the same story again and again. We do not know what the sapient committee (if there was one,) said about it in their report, but we are sure there was no *trial* of this new implement at all—no provision made for it. It is evidently something on which much thought, labor, and time has been expended, and from its character deserved the attention, trial, and report of a competent committee; but it is doubted if it got it. A good team before it would have saved the lungs of the man who owned it, and enabled the public to judge something of its merits.

One word more about it. The machine we saw is intended to pulverize the surface about eight or nine inches deep and thirty inches wide as it goes forward. Two horses, it is said, will work it. It is designed to adapt its capacity to any power, whether horse or steam; if to steam, it is proposed to make it the propelling wheel of the engine—at least an aid in its propulsion. The Inventor, who has but recently completed it, has tested it with satisfactory results.

Now about adaptation. Many of the soils of the West need some other process of pulverization than that which obtains at present. Many of these soils are undrained, and if the season of seeding is wet, the plowing process renders them cloddy; and it is about as possible for plants to grow, thrive and produce among these clods as among brick-bats, and no more so.

This machine combines in its operation the clod crushing process as it rolls over the ground, and the process of pulverization as the wrought iron forks lift the soil and shake it in pieces; for it has the same jerk that is given the manure fork by the man who spreads the manure, when he desires to shake it apart. In its relation to the *needs* of the soil in the respect named, this implement is adapted to the wants of the western farmer.

But what shall be done with the weeds, the stubble, &c. This pulverizer does not cover them up. It is useless if it is designed for fallow fields where there are no weeds, for we have few farms with such fields. In clear fields in the spring it may be of service. I refer to fall plowed lands. But will people buy it for such use? It may be answered that they will if it *pays*. But I reply, there are many implements which cost less which it pays to use, which they neither buy nor use—the roller for instance.

But go on, Mr. COMSTOCK, (if you can afford to do so,) and place your machine beside FAWKE'S, FIELD'S, STEEN'S and WATERS' in the notoriety you gain for it. If you do not succeed, you are constructing a step upon which the next man may reach the next idea, as the above named men built the foundation for yours.

And is that any consolation or encouragement? It ought to be.

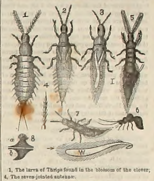
* * *

THE CLOVER THRIPS—FAM. Thripididæ.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The very small bright red insects lodged in the clover blossoms, which your correspondent, J. B. KOON, says will destroy a bushel to the acre, if not more, prove to be the larvæ of *Thrips*. These insects are in an order by themselves, comprising but a single family, the *Thripidæ*, LEACH, the species of which are far more numerous than has been generally supposed, as may be learned from Mr. HALIDAY'S valuable memoir, published in the *Entomological Magazine, No.* 15.

Figure 1, the larva; figure 2, pupa; figure 3, the perfect insect greatly magnified; they being of a very minute size, rarely exceeding a line in length. The body is long, linear, and depressed, &c., as shown. The larvæ of those inclosed are of a deep orange or bright brick-red color.

These insects are found upon various plants, sometimes swarming in various kinds of flowers. They are very nimble, and will leap to a considerable distance when disturbed. They feed upon the juices of plants, and are often extremely injurious, especially in hot-houses and vine-houses, the leaves upon which they reside being marked all over with small decayed patches. They are known to infest melons, cucumbers, kidney beans, &c. The larvæ are generally much paler colored than the imago or perfect insect, being in some species blood red, while the imago is black, in others pale yellow. These little *red larvæ* differ, however, greatly from the plant-mite (or Red Spider,) *Acarius telarius*, LINN. The mites have eight legs; their color changes from yellowish to brown and reddish, with usually a blackish spot on each side. These pests are, however, too well known to require further notice here, nor are they likely to be confounded with the insects under consideration.



1, The larva of Thrips found in the blossom of the clover; 4, The seven-jointed antennæ.

2, The pupa; and 3 the imago, Thrips or rather Phlœothrips; w, one of the wings of the perfect insect,—all greatly magnified.

5, Larva of a Thrips with a Pezomachus escaping.

One species to which Mr. HALIDAY has applied the specific name of *Thrips, Cerealium*, infests the wheat, sometimes to a mischievous extent. This species was observed by Mr. KIRBY, between the internal valve of the corolla and the grain, and in taking its station in the furrow of the seed, in the bottom of which it seems to fix its rostrum, and by depriving it of its moisture, occasions it to shrink up, and become what some farmers call "pungled." One sex of this species is apterous, that is without wings; the larva is yellow and very nimble, and the pupa whitish, with black eyes, and very slow and sluggish. These differ also from the larva of the Wheat Midge, (*Tipula Tritici*, KIRBY; *Cecidomyia Tritici*, LATR.,) also injurious to wheat when in blossom. These latter have no feet, but, *maggot-like*, jump on being touched; usually of a citron color, wrinkled or warty at the side edges; the head terminates in a point, and the posterior end is truncated; the pupa is slender, pointed at both ends, and of a reddish color. The Barley Midge (*Tipula Cerealis*, SAUTER,) has a vermilion colored larva. These are also of minute size, though comparatively much larger than the larvæ of the Thrips.

I mention this simply to call attention not to judge things by their size or color, as it leads a superficial observer into error.

The perfect Thrips are characterized by having four wings of equal size, long, narrow, membranous, neither folded nor reticulated, having long ciliæ on their edge, (figure W,) and are laid flat along the back when at rest. HALIDAY erected them into an order, which he called the *Thysanoptera*, meaning "Fringe-winged," though LINNÆUS placed the genus Thrips next to the plant-lice (*Aphidians*) in the order *Hemiptera*. The structure of the wings and mouth, which latter seems to be of a character intermediate between the *Mandibulata* and the *Haustellata*, differing both from *Orthoptera* and *Hemiptera*, induced the change.

A similar species of Thrips were sent to Dr. FITCH, July 9, 1855, by DAVID WILLIAMS, Geneva, Wisconsin, causing some alarm in that vicinity. First noticed about the middle of June,—found in all blossoms in great numbers. For about two weeks they were found in the blossoms of wheat and clover, causing numbers of the blossoms to wither, and in some cases the kernel also was attacked. Mr. FITCH also figures one species, and describes two *new species*, viz., the Wheat Thrips, *Thrips Tritici*, and the three-banded Thrips, which he calls *Coleothrips trifaciata*. His figures differ from mine, No. 1 being an accurate * copy of the insect found in the clover blossom by Mr. KOON, greatly magnified, the other, figures 2, 3, and W, are from WESTWOOD'S *Phlœothrips*, a genus of this family.

Minute as these insects are, they also have their parasites. Figure 5 is a Thrips from the body of which is seen to escape a species of *Pezomachus*, (6,) belonging to the *Ichneumonidæ*, distinguished by their abdomen being petioled; oviposter exserted, short or moderate; wings rudimental, not fitted for flight.

Having no remedy to give, I state the above fact to show that the laws of nature are conservative, and perhaps the best safeguard to protect us against the undue prevalence of mischievous insects, as with their increase the remedy is also furnished, so that, if they do prevail for a season, the evil is not likely to be perpetuated. So much I venture to say by way of consolation to the agriculturist in this connection.

I have other drawings of Thrips, some of a dark color. Figure 7 is the pupa of one found in an excrescence on the chestnut-oak leaf. Figure 8, *a*, on the upper surface; *b*, the lower surface of the leaf. These were of a shining black color, and supposed to be one of those little black pests, called midges, so common in the month of July. I found

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* We fear that, owing to some imperfections in copying and engraving the drawings sent by Mr. S., the figures above are not entirely accurate.—ED. R. N. Y.

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them ready to take the wing on the 13th of July. From their formation I consider them to belong to this family. Some seasons these excrescences are exceedingly numerous. I am aware that these excrescences are usually made by *Cynipidæ*, *Cecidomyia*, &c., which may include a species or genus of the Thrips family. I am also aware that certain parasitic insects, like the *Giorno*, deposit their eggs in various kinds of galls, and that strange developements are sometimes made, for instance:—The development of these parasites within the bodies of other insects was for a long time a source of much speculation among the earlier philosophers, who conceived it possible that one animal had occasionally the power of being absolutely transformed into another. Thus SWAMMERDAM records as a "thing very wonderful" that 545 flies of the same species were produced from "four *chrysalides* of a butterfly," so that the life and motion of these seem to have *transmigrated* into those of the 545 others."—(*Hill's Translation of the Bibl. Natur., p. 122.*) This should admonish us to caution in our investigations and opinions.

Lancaster, Pa., 1861. J. STAUFFER.

North-Western Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEODES FROM MISSISSIPPI BLUFFS.

PREFATORY.

A DISMAL rainy day in the middle of October—one of many that have visited this region since the 10th of September—confines me to my house; so I conclude to delve for something to send to the RURAL—THE Family Journal for the denizens of the great North-West.

I write from the *North-West*; but lest the reader shall deem that a rather indefinite locality, I will be a little more explicit. The *center* of this North-West is at the door of the *shanty* in which I sit, and from which I can see about ten miles of one of the most noble rivers in the world, the mighty Mississippi; can see the brown forests on the borders of three of the greatest States on the American continent,—(I mean *great* as to geographical and physical advantages—for one of them is at this moment so borne down with Secession, that it will require a quarter of a century to regain the position she has lost within the present year,)—and can hear the hum of industry, as it floats on the breeze from four chartered cities, while their windows and domes are gilded by the morning sun. *This* is the center of the great North-West, and the *locale* of your humble correspondent, this rainy day in the month of October,

"The dearest month of all to pensive minds."

GEODE-ALOGICAL.

Speaking of Geodes, I may as well mention here that this region furnishes numerous specimens of them, and that the several deposits here are becoming famous among the cabinet-collectors. One geologist sent away from this vicinity last summer, over a tun of these specimens—many of them very fine and large. They may be found in the bluffs, between the layers of limestone formations, in large numbers, from the size of a robin's egg up to the weight of a hundred pounds. They are picked up mostly among the sand and gravel, in the beds of the small bluff streams, where they have been deposited by the action of the water upon the bluffs.

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.

In this region the summer has been a dry one, though not remarkably so. August is generally a dry and hot month on these prairies, while July is often subject to an interval of wet weather, lasting two or three weeks. The spring was unpropitious for getting in the crops—hence corn and potatoes are not so good as last year. There will, however, be a fair supply, and there is a large amount of last year's corn yet lying over. Spring wheat was almost a total failure; thousands of acres of it were never cut at all. The ravages of the chinch bug were unprecedented; so much so that cultivators will sow but little spring wheat hereafter. The rains of September have been favorable to the growth of late crops. Up to this writing (Oct. 15) there have been but one or two very slight frosts, and the weather is now warm and promises pleasant. The health of the country has been remarkably good.

THE FRUIT CROP.

Speaking of health, it may not be amiss to say that the extreme healthiness of the season may be ascribed partly to the presence of a large fruit crop. Most of the small wild fruits were abundant in their season, and the cultivated sorts are beginning to make quite a show in our markets. Indeed, many of our Western people, who have seemed ignorant of the fact heretofore, are now beginning to know that fruits can be made an article of food, as well as hog and hominy. And this knowledge is increasing rapidly; so that the everlasting bacon is fast giving way to baked apples and other dishes from the pomonal kingdom. "Egypt" is the great fruit garden of the West, though, in the line of peaches, it has a strong rival in the region on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. Chicago is perhaps the largest fruit market in the Union, as it is by far the greatest grain market in the world. In this region—this *central* portion—the peach crop was good, and there are now large quantities of apples in market, selling at low prices. At an exhibition of *our* Horticultural Society in September, there was a fine show of peaches, mostly seedlings; of grapes, the Delaware, Diana, Concord and Rebecca were conspicuous, though there were several other sorts. The Catawbas and Isabellas are quite common. My Isabellas ripened about the 1st of September—the Catawbas and Concords on the 10th.

THE SORGHUM CROP.

Had it not been raining to-day I should have been employed about my sugar-cane; so I may as well "make a note of it." There is yet a large portion of the cane grown this year not manufactured, and I much fear that the frost will catch some of it. The yield is thought not to be so great as in former years. This is probably owing to the impurity of the seed, for, however careful cultivators may be, large quantities of cane do become mixed with broom-corn. Most of the mills used here—especially those where small lots only are grown—are made of wood. These will not express the juice equal to the iron ones. A few are of iron, doing good service; and as the cultivation of the cane increases, these mills—to run by steam power, and to evaporate also by steam—will become more common. Of one thing the doubters everywhere may be assured,—the farmers of the North-West have fully demonstrated the practicability of cane culture for molasses. The manufacture of sugar is yet an experiment.

In the cane culture, as in many other things, the proverbial carelessness and wastefulnes of Western people are apparent. Many strip and top their cane for the mills, leaving the blades and seed to lie on the ground and waste, when it is known that both make excellent food for cattle. The seed is also eaten with avidity by hogs. Of its fattening qualities, my experience will not justify me in speaking. Perhaps this wastefulness is not so much to be wondered at after all, when we remember that corn-fodder goes to waste in the fields where it grew, by the hundreds of acres, and that prairie hay can be had for the cutting and hauling—costing say three dollars per ton. Not less than one thousand tons have gone into the city from the prairie, seven or eight miles out, since the first of July.

But my notes are becoming too lengthy. If you or your readers wish to hear further from this portion of the North-West Countrie, I may resume them hereafter. AGRICOLA.

Ahwapetuk, Ill., Oct., 1861.

IMPROVED CATTLE STALLS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of August 31st I gave a plan for fastening and unfastening cattle in stalls, such as are used by dairymen. I will now give my way of making the stall throughout. As there may be some that intend making stalls for the coming winter, this information would not be amiss.

The bottom part should be made of a hewn stick of timber, 5 inches by 8. Take out of the manger side of this stick places for the slats 1¼ inch thick, and 5 inches long, across the stick for the movable slats, and half across for the others; allowing 3 feet in length for each cow, and 7 inches between the slats for the necks. Nail a strip of board over these places, 4 inches wide the whole length. This is easier than to mortice the slats in, and is just as good for the stationary ones and better for the others, as the dirt and seed that gets in the joints works out beneath, and the slats always work loose.

The slats should be 5 inches wide and 1¼ thick, and any height preferable, but 4 feet between the top and bottom is a good height. The top should be 4 inches wide and 3 inches thick. Take out of the 3 inch side, places for the slats the same as the bottom, allowing 15 inches for the movable slats to open. Now pin on strips of board 1¼ inch thick and 3 inches wide the same as the bottom, and have it as straight as possible on the top, then make a slide for the latches to be fastened to—3 inches wide, 1¼ thick, and the length of the stalls. This can be made of strips 10 or 12 feet long, halfed together at the ends, and pinned through with ⅜-inch pins. Fasten the latches to this in their proper places with ⅜-inch pins, and put it on the top of the stalls on the strip pinned on. This slide is to be held in its place by the blind boards. Let every fourth one extend above the slide 2 inches, and nail cleats to them over the slide. Let one of the blind boards extend above the slide far enough to fasten a pulley, 5 inches in diameter, over the slide. Fasten a small chain 2 feet long to the top of the slide about 18 inches from the pulley when the stalls are all open; fetch the chain under the pulley and fasten the other end to a lever, the same as given in the RURAL of August 31st.

Any one can see the advantages these stalls have over those made in the old style. E. B. TANNER.

Attica, Ohio, 1861.

The Bee-Keeper.

Bees Destroying their Brood.

J. F. MARTIN, on page 209 of the *Bee Journal*, asks the cause of a colony of his killing its young and removing them from the hive. He states he has "examined the hive and found nothing the matter." It would have been more satisfactory if Mr. M. had given the exact condition of the swarm—its strength, amount of stores accumulated, amount of brood, the state of honey resources at the time, and the weather.

I have noticed this destruction in several instances, and attributed it to various causes:

Last September I removed a hybridized Italian queen from a Langstroth hive, and put her with the bees that were upon the frame with her, in a small box holding ten frames five inches square, and wintered them successfully in it. I filled the frames with empty worker comb, except two, which contained sealed brood, which I consider important to give, to maintain the strength of the colony; without which a nucleus, (especially if engaged in raising a queen,) unless very strong, will become too weak before it has hatched a brood of its own. This is more important late than early in the season. I fed them sparingly every day, and in a few days the combs were mostly filled with eggs. I then fed more lavishly, and the bees began displacing eggs and larvæ to fill the brood cells with honey; showing their instinct for storing honey to be greater than their love of young. This would be a costly experiment with a large colony. M. M. Baldridge, of Niagara Co., N. Y., had this destruction of young occured early in the season last year, with a powerful stock that he neglected to supply with surplus boxes; and sent an account of it to the *American Agriculturist*. Massacre from this cause must be of rare occurrence, for bees generally swarm when their hive is well filled with stores, harvest good, and they are crowded for room.

As bees do not leave the hive until a week old, and do not gather honey the first fortnight of their life, the few old bees that remain after a swarm has issued, generally do not much more than supply the wants of the young bees and larvæ for a fortnight to come; which gives the young queen a favorable opportunity to increase her army of workers, by depositing in the recently vacated cells.

Bees, when on the brink of starvation in spring, will sometimes destroy their brood, sucking dry the bodies of the larvæ. The queen then almost ceases to lay, and desertion or starvation follows, unless they are assisted. I mention spring, being the only season I ever remarked it; but I see no reason why they may not do so at other times, if brought into the same condition, which may happen at any season by robbing.

It sometimes occurs that a weak colony extends its brood over more comb than it can cover and keep warm, when surprised by a sudden change of temperature, which, when it lasts for several days, is sure to kill the brood in the unprotected combs. The same thing sometimes occurs when a colony is placed in too large a hive for its strength. Also, if, in removing frames containing brood, they are not replaced as found, but store-combs placed between. Thus isolated, if the colony is too weak to cover them all, the eggs and larvæ will be either neglected or removed from the unprotected comb or combs. When neglected, an intolerable stench arises from dead brood, which infects the hive for some time.

Bees so build their comb that they can command every cell; and if, in removing comb, it is not replaced in its original position, wherever it is winding and comes in unnatural contact or nearness to the next, the workers will cut a passage so that they can command every cell, generally leaving some points or lines of attachment. If the cells thus out of line contain eggs or brood in any stage of development, they are sacrificed to the science of bee-architecture.

I once, in searching for a young queen, placed the frame on which she was too near the next frame and not in the position I found it. The queen at the time had her head in a cell. The comb at that point projected a good deal. Two days after this I searched again for the queen, to show her to a friend. I found her in the position in which I last saw her, nearly starved and past recovery.

Colonies infested with worms are often seen carrying out imperfect and mutilated bees. Queen cells are frequently cut down by want of care in replacing combs at the proper distance after examination.—E. P., *in American Bee Journal.*

Age of Bees.

MANY people say bees only live six months; now I have two hives, to each of which I introduced a Ligurian queen, by fumigating them in July, 1860. In October I bought a swarm that had been already fumigated to take the honey; I fumigated it to take the queen away, and then added to it one of my Ligurian queens to strengthen her. Now this is the 16th of September, and there is not only a large number of English bees in the Ligurian swarms, but also a great number in the old stocks, the Ligurians having swarmed—one twice, and the other (that from which I took the Ligurian queen to add to an English stock) three times. Now here is a large quantity of bees alive that must be more than a year old; and not only are they that age, but many of them have been fumigated twice. As I am not clever enough with bees to take the queen away without fumigation, I generally use it, and have found, when carefully done, very little loss, and after a day or so the bees seem to have quite recovered.—*London Field.*

Remedy for Bee-Stings.

THREE years ago one of my little ones poked his spade into a bee-hive. You may suppose he was severely stung. I immediately mixed with water some ipecacuanha powder and applied it to the places stung, (of course extracting the stings where visible,) and in ten minutes he was playing about and all irritation was gone. The nurse was stung, too, in several places, and the same remedy was applied with equal success. The Indians use this remedy for the stings of scorpions, and a friend has (since my publication of the cure in the West Sussex *Gazette* at the period) called my attention to the fact that Dr. Livingstone states in his journal that the African tribes use ipecacuanha for snake bites. I have not the book to refer to, but I think they mix the powder with oil. I have used it for gnat bites. — CHARLES HARDY *in London Field.*

Novel Experience.

A YOUNG man named Hunter, living some six miles east of Polk City, on the prairie, where trees and fences were wanting, was the other day placed in a rather trying position. A large swarm of bees seeking a resting place, settled upon his person, completely covering his legs and body. In this condition he walked to the house, some 100 rods distant, where, obtaining a box, the bees were successfully hived, without injuring him.—*Des Moines Journal.*

Red Clover — Italian Bees.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Can you, or any of your subscribers, tell me whether the famed Italian bee can gather honey from the common red clover or not?—JOS. C. HASKELL, *Perry, Lake Co., Ohio*, 1861.

The Italian bee, it is said, can obtain honey from many flowers from which the common bee is unable to extract it, but not from the red clover.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Loss of Cud.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Prairie Farmer* says his method of curing loss of cud is this:—Give a healthy cow a small quantity of oats or barley in the straw to eat, and when she begins to raise her cud take a handful of it, or the masticated food from her mouth, and while warm, put it into the mouth of the one that has lost the cud. This has proved an effectual cure in all instances where I have known it tried.

Oat Straw as Food for Sick Animals.

"I HAVE often noticed," says Dr. DADD, "that sick horses will eat oat straw in preference to any other kind of fodder; as a matter of course, however, some will refuse to eat it. Oat straw contains a large proportion of nutrimental matter and some phosphates, and when converted into a sort of bran by means of mill-stones, is a very nourishing diet. This sort of aliment is useful when combined with ground oats, for animals whose systems lack the requisite amount of phosphates. A milch cow, for example, the subject of prostrating disease, is very much benefited by food of this kind."

Signs of a Good Ox.

AT a recent Legislative Agricultural meeting held at the State House, in Boston, Mr. Sheldon, of Wilmington, gave the following as his rule of judging of a good ox:

"You should stand before him and be sure he has a fine hazel eye, large nostrils, broad at and above the eyes, rather slim horns, toes straight out before him, straight in the knees, bosom full, back straight, and wide at his hips. If you find these points, said the speaker, you need not ask of what breed he is, but if you want one, buy him. He said that he had found that a black-eyed ox was not to be depended on, as he will kick and be ugly, while a short-headed ox will start quick from the whip, but he will soon forget it.

Whitewash for Roofs.

IN the RURAL for Sept. 28th, we gave an article from the Boston *Cultivator* recommending limewash as a preservative for shingles, and we now clip the following corroborative testimony from the New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture*:

Farmers who are about to new shingle their houses, sheds, or barns, will do well to have the shingles dipped in whitewash with a little salt put in. Let the mixture be hot,—that is to say, make your wash with boiling water, dip immediately, and lay the shingles the next day, or after drying a little. The Hon. Frederick Smyth, of this city (Manchester), bought hemlock shingles *fourteen years ago*, at a cost of $1.50 per thousand, treated them in this way, and the roof is tight now, no moss having accumulated on them, while neighbors in the same time have re-shingled where the first quality of pine was used without any preparation. Probably a better quality of material so treated would last much longer than hemlock, but whether long enough to cover the extra cost is doubtful. This wash is also a preventive against fire. To do any great good it should be used in the manner described, rather than put on after the roof is covered. This may not seem of great importance in the country, where wood seems to keep well many years; as, for instance, the shaven heart shingles of our former residence in Candia are tolerably sound now, at the expiration of toward forty years; but in these days lumber isn't what it used to be, and preservatives are of interest.

On Harvesting Corn.

IN the Boston *Cultivator* of Oct. 12 we find the following upon this important topic:

A farmer in Natick informed us a few days ago, that he believed the heaviest and best corn was produced by letting it ripen untopped. A few years ago, he said, after beginning to cut his stalks on a piece of corn, he was taken sick and thus the remaining portion of the field remained untopped. On harvesting the corn, his attention was arrested by the noticeable difference in the quality and weight of the corn on that part of the field where the stalks were not cut, over that part where they were cut. He was asked whether the corn was enough better to make up for the depreciation in value of the fodder, as compared with that part of the field where the stalks were cut and cured. He said, probably not.

There is little room to doubt that corn in unfrosty seasons, that is suffered to mature untopped, is baler and heavier than that which is topped, or cut close to the ground and shocked or stocked. But in economical farming, this is not the only point to be considered. It is said by some farmers, that the forage of an acre of corn when it is cut up, shocked and well-cured when the kernel is in full milk, is worth more than the hay which could be grown and made on the same area, were it seeded to clover or grass.

Such farmers have two good reasons for cutting up and shocking their corn. The first is, that they are safe against the chances of early frosts before the corn has time to ripen; the second is, the much greater value of the fodder. Sometimes the third reason presents itself, to wit, the farmer may desire to sow his ground to winter wheat or rye. The first two reasons are of themselves, however, sufficient with many farmers to decide the question with them as to which of the three methods of managing and harvesting a field of corn is best. Experience and observation have taught us, that cutting up and shocking is the best method for making the most of the corn crop in New England.

Those who maintain that corn grown without topping is haler and heavier than that ripened in any other way, are, undoubtedly, right; but this does not settle the question where forage is of as much value as it is in the Eastern States. Hence, that that method of harvesting corn which shall secure the farmer against the hazard of early fall frosts, and at the same time make the fodder the most valuable, and guarantee to him meanwhile a good grain crop, must be generally conceded to be the most economical, and, therefore, the best, few can reasonably doubt. That cutting up and shocking while the corn is in milk, secures these benefits, none, it seems to us, will deny.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLAN FOR A MILKING SHED WANTED.—Will you, or some of your subscribers, please give, through the RURAL, a good plan for a milking shed to accommodate twenty-five or thirty cows.—W. D. ROBBINS, *Copenhagen, N. Y.*, 1861.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE HOGS?—Will the RURAL's editors permit me to inquire for a remedy for a very fatal malady which for sometime past has prevailed extensively among swine in this section? It prevails among all classes and conditions of hogs, killing alike fat hogs, store hogs, breeding sows, sucking pigs, and shotes, whether running at large or confined in pens, either alone or in herds. In some instances, all the hogs on a farm have died, and again a limited number, sometimes four or five dying, while the remainder show no signs of the disease. Small pigs usually fall sick, and die in a few hours after they are discovered to be sick. Hogs appear rather dull and stupid, incline to lie still, and will move but little if undisturbed. Some purge and vomit profusely, while others evince no such symptoms. The excrement is usually very black. The disease runs from four days to ten before producing death, and seems equally violent, whether the feed has been mostly corn or slops from the milk room or kitchen. We have tried bleeding, sulphur, soft soap, copperas, gunpowder, salt petre, alcohol, and asafœtida, (not all on one hog, of course,) but have failed to discover a remedy. Post mortem examinations have been instituted, which revealed no appearance of disease in any part of the system, except in one instance where the liver was almost wholly consumed. The brain, the lungs, the heart, the liver, the stomach, the kidneys, and the bowels, were, to all appearance, in good condition, but the bladder was, I think, always very full, though this is not unusual in sound hogs when slaughtered. Many hogs have already died, and as the disease is increasing, scores more will doubtless die, if we cannot find a cure. If the RURAL, or its readers, will but inform us of the remedy, we will prize it more than ever, if that be possible.—WM. P. TRIMBLE, *Erie, Penn.*, 1861.

WARTS ON COWS TEATS.—I have a nice Durham cow, five years old, which was all right until within the year past. During that period her teats have become nearly covered with long, dry, hard warts. What will cure them without injury to the cow?—B. D., *North Chili, N. Y.*, 1861.

Washing in alum water is strongly recommended. Another remedy is composed of equal parts of neat's foot oil, beef's gall, spirits of turpentine, and old brandy—shake well before using, and apply once each day.

SPROUTED WHEAT FOR SEED.—I wish to inquire through your excellent paper if sprouted, or grown, wheat may be considered safe to sow? Some of my neighbors have sown of it, and consider it good seed. Now will you, or some of your numerous subscribers, inform one that is anxious to know?—D. W. HARRISON, *Tuscola, Ill.*, 1861.

One of the oldest wheat-growers in this section maintains (and his experience upholds him,) that sprouted wheat is good for seed. There are two sides to this question here, however, as well as in the vicinity of our correspondent.

CATARRH IN SHEEP.—I wish to inquire for a remedy for a disease among sheep. Being inexperienced in sheep husbandry, I don't know what to name it. It commences among them like a cold—they cough, run at the nose, and sneeze very badly. Have had them (the sheep) on the place but one season. Was told that a change of pasture would cure them, but they have grown worse instead of better. Have tried salt and wood ashes, but without any apparent improvement. Now, if you, or any of your contributors, can give me a certain cure, you will oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, *Sparta, Ill.*

When the weather has been cold or wet, and the sheep have been exposed thereto, they are apt to be troubled with colds. These colds need attention, as repeated inflammation of the nasal passages will extend to the bronchial tubes, thence to the lungs, and ending in pulmonary consumption. Remove to warm shelter, and a dose of purgative medicine will generally prove effectual. The preventive—good shelter and wholesome food—will, with your sheep, as in all other cases, prove worth the pound of cure.

HORSES OVER-REACHING.—Will any one who knows of a remedy for over-reaching in horses, make an early communication through the RURAL, and oblige a constant reader of that paper?—R. K. S., *Bloomfield, Conn.*, 1861.

Over-reach is generally confined to fast horses,—it happens most to those known as "good steppers." When tired, the feet are apt to move irregularly, and one foot is put out to its place before the other is lifted. We are not aware of any certain preventive, but where injury has happened, the wounds should be washed daily with tepid water, and well fomented, if there be much swelling. Hot oils, astringents, or stimulants, should be avoided. When sloughing ensues, feed well with good, nutritious food, and water regularly.

YOUATT says the preventive treatment is the bevelling, or rounding off, of the inside edge or rim of the hind shoes. The cure is the cutting away of the loose parts, the application of Friar's balsam, and protection from the dirt. Some horses, particularly young ones, over-reach so as to strike the toes of the hind shoes against the fore ones, which is termed *clinking*. Keeping up the head of the horse does something to prevent this; but the smith may do more by shortening the toe of the hind shoes, and having the web broad. When they are too long, they are apt to be torn off—when too narrow, the hind foot may bruise the sole of the fore one, or may be locked fast between the branches of the fore shoe.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Wonderful Little Microscope—M. S. Woodward.
Agents Wanted—S. Madison.
Patent Agency—J. Fraser.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Hereford Cattle at Auction—M. C. Remington.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE TIMES IMPROVING.—Judging from our receipts, and the many encouraging letters we are receiving from agents and others relative to the prospects of the ensuing volume of the RURAL, we conclude that the times have improved vastly within a few weeks all over the Free States and Canada. The simple fact that our receipts on subscription for the past month have been much greater than they were during the corresponding period of last year—while the offers of aid in circulating the paper are more numerous and cordial—indicates that money is plenty, and the people more confident in regard to the future, as well as that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is increasing in public favor. We rejoice in the apparent prosperity and improved prospects of the people and country, and trust nothing will occur to check the improvement so generally manifested.

McCORMICK'S REAPER PATENT.—The grain-growers of the country (and perhaps various manufacturers of agricultural machinery,) will not regret to learn that the application for an extension of McCORMICK'S reaper patent, bearing date 1847, has been refused. The patent is said to have covered all that was peculiarly and intrinsically valuable in his old reaper. Mr. McC. has amassed an ample fortune, and will no doubt continue to accumulate from his extensive manufacturing business, though refused the extension of a patent which was for a long time almost a monopoly. A Chicago paper well says that "the effect of the decision on other reaper manufacturers will be most salutary. They may now give the farmers a really better machine than they have ever before been able to do. By combining the patents of Mr. McCORMICK with their own improvements, they will inaugurate a new era in reaper building. We may now look for the starting up of small reaper shops along our rapid streams, for the supply of the demand in their immediate vicinity. The farmers, however, will derive the principal benefit. They will now get better and cheaper reapers. This will diminish, in a small degree, the cost of producing grain, so that they will either make more money from their labor, or be enabled to sell for lower prices without loss."

TO PATENTEES OF NEW INVENTIONS, &c.—We are almost daily in receipt of polite, and often pressing invitations, to notice at length inventions recently patented—our correspondents usually claiming that a proper commendation of their improvements *would greatly redound to the benefit of community*. Such appeals to our generosity and patriotism are complimentary, but inasmuch as the parties have not themselves exhibited the virtues commended, we purpose to follow their *practice* instead of their *preaching*. If they will give the public the benefit of their inventions, "without money or price," we will cheerfully notice and commend the same, so far as consistent, on like terms. But those who *patent* their inventions, and seek to secure fortunes thereby, are as frigid as the 31st day of December in thus asking us to fill their purses. They need not tell us of the "superior advantages" the RURAL NEW-YORKER possesses for introducing such inventions to the public; we know *that* already—and we are moreover aware that such superiority has only been obtained by expending a fortune in establishing said paper, and making it the best advertising medium of its class in America. And if they wish to avail themselves of said advantages, our advertising columns are open to their announcements on the terms stated at the head thereof. We are disposed to do a good deal for the public welfare, but submit that it is no part of our duty as a journalist to furnish a grindstone, and turn it also, for the benefit of monopolists, even though many of our readers may thereby be incidentally benefited. This "vermillion edict" is intended for the special information of all patentees who solicit our aid in the manner above indicated.

THE U. S. COMMISSIONERS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR (a list of whom was given in a late RURAL,) met in Washington some days ago. Hon. WM. H. SEWARD was chosen Chairman, and J. C. G. KENNEDY Secretary. A Committee of five—Col. B. P. JOHNSON, of New York, being Chairman—was appointed to solicit of the President a Government vessel to transport American contributions to the Fair. At a subsequent meeting, "an Executive Committee was appointed, consisting of B. P. JOHNSON, of N. Y., Chairman; J. C. G. KENNEDY, W. W. SEATON, of Washington; and JAMES R. PARTRIDGE, of Md., the last named Secretary. It is their duty to make all necessary preparations for the exhibition. An office is to be established at Washington, and a description of all articles intended for exhibition, submitted to the Committee for their action. Inventors, or other exhibitors, can apply to any one of the Commissioners or Executive Committee."

BE KIND AND GENTLE TO YOUR HORSES.—The following remarks by Mr. RAREY are worthy the consideration of every man who has anything to do with horses:—"Almost every wrong act the horse commits is from mismanagement, fear, or excitement; one harsh word will so excite a nervous horse as to increase his pulse ten beats in a minute. When we remember that we are dealing with dumb brutes, and reflect how difficult it must be for them to understand our motions, signs, and language, we should never get out of patience with them because they do not unserstand us, or wonder at their doing things wrong. With all our intellect, if we were placed in the horse's situation, it would be difficult for us to understand the driving of some foreigner, of foreign ways and foreign language. We should always recollect that our ways and language are just as foreign and unknown to the horse as any language in the world is to us, and should try to practice what we could understand were we a horse, endeavoring by more simple means to work on his understanding rather than on the different parts of his body."

FLAX COTTON *vs.* "KING COTTON."—A late number of the *N. Y. Evening Post* says:—"If King Cotton is not likely to be dethroned by his uncrowned rival, Flax, he is destined to get a severe poke in the ribs, which will make his seat uneasy. We have seen several specimens of the new commodity to-day, which come nearer to the genuine article than any that have yet fallen under our notice. Flannel, calico, drilling, and thread, have all been made of the new flax fiber, and with a remarkable degree of perfection. New processes for preparing the fiber give great encouragement to those who are embarked in the business. Mills for the manufacture have already been erected in New York and in New England, and will soon be in operation, not only working the flax by itself into fabrics, but working it in connection with wool and cotton. American ingenuity is about to succeed in a line in which the English and French have hitherto failed."

THE RURAL ON ELECTION DAY.—A request from a subscriber "for specimens of the RURAL to be shown on Election day"—when he purposes, "after voting for men who will maintain 'the Union, the Constitution, and the Laws,' to invite his friends and fellow-townsmen to subscribe for the model paper"—constrains us to suggest that other friendly readers may materially aid our circulation by similar action. Many of our agents have procured hamdsome lists in this manner, aforetime, and we hope their example will be emulated by scores of others who feel an interest in the paper. We will cheerfully replace any papers which may be lost or worn out in canvassing at the Election, so that you, Reader, can safely pocket one or two numbers for use in canvassing on the occasion. "A word to the wise," &c.

ORLEANS CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at Albion on Monday week—the attendance being larger than at any meeting for several years. The following officers were elected: *President*—A. B. BAILEY. *Vice President*—Paul Pratt. *Secretary*—L. C. Paine. *Treasurer*—David Bettis.

AN AUCTION SALE of Mr. REMINGTON'S herd of Hereford cattle is announced in a Special Notice on the advertising page of this number.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE SEASON.

The season continues wet—very unfavorable for ripening seeds of many nice things that rot when exposed to an unusual amount of moisture. A good plan is to place a hot-bed frame, with sash, over choice plants, the seeds of which it is particularly desirable to preserve. In some cases, they may be taken up, potted, and removed to the house. Where the seeds have passed the milky state, it is better to take up the plants, and hang them in a dry room, than to leave them exposed to the fall rains. But, in general, it is better to depend upon foreign growers who understand their business, and have every convenience for ripening, than upon seeds of our own growing. The time will come doubtless when we shall not only grow most of what we use, but export to Europe. This will, however, take time, and foreigners have a great advantage over us in the price of labor.

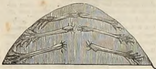
For several nights past we have had slight frosts, just enough to kill tomato plants and other things equally tender. The first injury from this cause was on the night of the 25th ult.

But little time now remains for completing fall work. After this time everything that will suffer from heavy frost is in danger until secured. We may have some weeks of mild weather, but of this there is no certainty. Even celery it is better to make safe at once, for we would not give much for the crop after it has endured a hard frost. Our experience is in favor of taking up early, even if not blanched. This can be done in the cellar, or in trenches prepared for the purpose. All beds of bulbous roots, asparagus beds, &c., should receive their winter covering, and all tender plants should be covered. If this work is left undone until the weather is cold and unpleasant, it will be neglected altogether, or be done poorly.

PRESERVING CELERY FOR WINTER.

Just at this time all who have celery that they wish to keep for winter use, will be anxious to know the best way in which it can be preserved. We never had better success than the two past seasons, when we simply took up the plants without disturbing the roots more than necessary, and after placing three or four inches of dirt in one corner of the cellar bottom, planted the celery in it, as thickly as possible, and then allowed it to grow (or live) and blanch. Sometimes when the roots were much disturbed, after a day or so it would begin to wilt, when a good watering was given from a watering-pot. Sometimes we have planted it in half barrels in the same manner, and with the same satisfactory results. The *Gardener's Monthly* gives the following method:

"An elevated piece of ground is chosen, where the water can easily run off. A double row of celery is then laid along on the ground, each row slightly elevated to throw out any moisture that may chance to get in. A thin layer of soil is then thrown over, and another layer of celery, setting each layer a little further in than the one below it, so that, when finished, the whole stack will form a ridge. Soil is then cast over the whole, and "banked" or smoothed over. In order to guard still more against wet, a small gutter is dug around the ridge, to carry off the water. A covering of corn-stalks or any waste litter will exclude frost, and on an occasional fine day through the winter the "cairn" may be opened, and a supply for a week or so taken out." This mode of saving celery is made plain by the engraving, and seems worthy of trial.



PRICES OF FRUITS, &c., IN NEW YORK.

As navigation will soon close, for the benefit of those who design to ship to New York the present autumn we give present prices in the commercial metropolis of our State, and of the country.

Potatoes—Prices are unchanged since our last. The increased freights from the West—say over a dollar ℘ bbl. from North-Eastern Ohio (which will sell for less than $1.50 ℘ bbl)—must prevent shipments from that section at present rates. We quote:

Peachblows, Troy, ℘ bbl	$1.12@1.25
Peachblows, Jersey, ℘ bbl	1.25@1.38
Buckeyes, ℘ bbl	1.25@1.38
Mercers, choice, ℘ bbl	1.62@1.87
Mercers, Rochester, ℘ bbl., in bbls	1.50@1.75
Mercers, Troy, ℘ bbl	1.38@1.50
Rough and Ready, Troy, ℘ bbl	—@1.12
Jackson Whites, ℘ bbl	—@1.00
Junes, ℘ bbl	—@1.00
Sweet Potatoes, in bbls	2.50@2.75
Sweet Potatoes, ℘ bbl, in bulk	2.00@2.50

FRESH FRUIT.

Apples—Market overstocked; prices tend downward. We quote:—Good to choice mixed lots, $1.87@2.12 ℘ bbl.

Pears—We quote:

Seckel, fair to choice, ℘ bbl	$14@18
Virgalieu, choice, ℘ bbl	14@18
Dutchess D'Angouleme, good to choice, ℘ bbl	8@16

Grapes—We quote:

Hudson River, Isabella, choice, ℘ ℔	8@10
Hudson River, Isabella, common, ℘ ℔	6@ 8
Hudson River, Catawbas, choice, ℘ ℔	8@10
Hudson River, Catawbas, common, ℘ ℔	6@ 8

Quinces—We quote:

Apple, ℘ bbl.....$5.00@7.00 | Pear, ℘ bbl.....$3.00@5.00

Cranberries—℘ bbl., $5.50@6.50.

Dried Fruit—We quote:

New State Apples, ℘ ℔	5¼@6½c
New Western, ℘ ℔	5 @5½
Plums, choice, ℘ ℔	12 @13
Raspberries	13 @14
Blackberries	8 @9

Onions—Red, ℘ bbl., 88c@$1; Yellow, ℘ bbl., $1@1.25; White $1.25@2; bunch., ℘ hund., $1.75@2.

Turnips, Rutabaga—℘ bbl., 50@75c.

Marrow Squash—Jersey, ℘ bbl., 75c@$1; Boston, $1.25.

Chestnuts—℘ bush., $2.50@2.75.

Hickory Nuts—℘ bush., 75c@$1.

Honey—We quote:—Clover (in comb,) ℘ ℔., 15@18c; Buckwheat (in comb,) ℘ ℔., 10@12c.

Potatoes, it will be observed, are too low to allow of shipping to a great distance, and on account of the rainy season few of the large growers, we think, will be prepared to market their crop before spring. The prices are not such as to encourage extra exertion.

Apples do not sell at such prices as we had looked for, considering the smallness of the crop. As buyers forward rapidly just before the close of navigation, a depression is the usual result. Those who have fruit stored in New York will realize an advance soon after the close of navigation; and those who keep their apples until spring, if well cared for, and good keeping sorts, so as not to lose by rotting, will make money by the operation. Unless we are mistaken, apples will be scarce and high, and much sought for as soon as they can be moved in the spring.

Pears are selling at highly remunerative prices, and this shows that the low price of other fruits is not occasioned by scarcity of money, or hard times. Eighteen dollars a barrel for Seckels is a price that will warrant a large increase in the production. The range in the price of Duchesse d' Angouleme, from eight to sixteen dollars, is such as to show the necessity of growing fine specimens. A poor Duchesse is a poor thing, and the New Yorkers seem to be aware of the fact.

Grapes.—The highest price paid for grapes is ten cents a pound, but there were only Catawbas and Isabellas in market. Foreign grapes never before, we think, sold as low as during the the past season. Twenty cents a pound was the ruling rate most of the summer, though in some cases twenty-five cents were obtained. In some cases more than this may have been obtained, but twenty cents was the highest sum offered for several lots in this section. In a few years, and perhaps next year, we shall see Delawares regularly quoted in the reports of the fruit market, and then we think the growing of grapes in cold houses will scarcely pay. Most persons prefer a Delaware to a Black Hamburgh; and when the former are sold at twelve or fifteen cents a pound, the day of cold houses for market purposes will be passed. The only way to make them remunerative will be to give heat and bring the crop into the market early, before out-door grapes are ripe. And even then, with other fruits ripening during the season, it will be somewhat difficult to obtain paying prices, except, perhaps, in one or two of our large cities, and even there the demand will be quite limited.

Quinces always sell high, East and West, and everywhere. From five to seven dollars a barrel is a price sufficient to induce the more general cultivation of this fruit, which is so much neglected. We have before urged our readers to plant quinces. The demand is always greater than the supply, and will be for many years to come.

FOREIGN GRAPES IN MISSOURI.

There exists in St. Louis an Association called the *St. Louis Vine and Fruit Growers' Association*, established for the purpose of testing the adaptation of various fruits for that locality. The land of the Society is well adapted for the purpose, and is under the best of management. The following report recently made to the President by a Committee appointed to inspect the vines, &c., growing upon the Society's lands, we know will be interesting to all of our horticultural readers:

Vinelands, St. Louis County, Mo.,
September 18, 1861.

Sir:—The undersigned Committee, appointed by you in behalf of the St. Louis Vine and Fruit Growers' Association, to inspect the vines and fruits grown upon their lands at this place, and particularly the new white grapes of European origin, first grown here in the open air by the Secretary, Mr. Charles H. Haven, (and which they believe are the first grapes of the kind grown in the Western States,) beg leave to report that they found the various American grapes bearing their complement of fruit in as fine a condition as the general crops throughout the West have this year exhibited in any locality, as far as they have seen or heard; they found also growing vigorously the young vines of last year's planting; this may also be said of the very large number of pear, cherry, peach, plum, and apple trees seen by them in the various orchards and avenues into which the grounds are subdivided.

They witnessed with surprise and pleasure the successful growth of the choicest foreign grapes in the open air, without any aid from artificial heat or shelter, either from glass or any other means, up to this time. One kind was the Burgundy, bearing handsome bunches of sweet and pulpless black grapes on strong vines; but the really valuable discovery made in this connection by the Secretary, and now manifest to them, was *the feasibility of open air culture of the large white hot house grape, known either as the true Hungarian Tokay or the Charlesworth Tokay*, both of which kinds are specially noticed for their superior excellence among foreign grapes by Mr. Downing, in his work on fruits, and by a horticultural journal of high standing, the Philadelphia *Gardener's Monthly* of January, 1861, page 30, to which you will please refer.

This white grape, transparent almost as crystal, and of fine size, was hanging in large bunches on the vine which had been exposed, with the many thousand others of the company, to all the vicissitudes of winter and summer, *in a position facing the north*, and upon lands elevated four hundred feet above St. Louis; this elevation (Mr. Haven found from observations made by him during eight years with the thermometer,) modified the extremes of heat and cold from seven to ten degrees when contrasted with the temperature in the valleys of the adjacent rivers Missouri and Meramec, or with that of the city, thirty miles distant; and he attached great weight to this subject of altitude as having contributed much to the success of his experiments with foreign grapes in the open air.

They found, upon measurement of one of the bunches in question, that it was seven inches in length, and nine inches in average circumference, besides being very compact throughout; the grapes were oval in shape, and equaled in size most if not all of hot house growth ever seen by them, and this, notwithstanding a large extent of new canes allowed to the vine, which, upon being measured, they ascertained to be fully one hundred feet in aggregate length, while, as regards flavor, entire absence of pulp, and all the requisites of the most luscious grapes, they could not be surpassed.

In view of these important facts to us as Missourians, *made so on account of the now ascertained acclimation of this noble grape, as well as the Burgundy among us*, and the consequent rapid spread of their cultivation likely to ensue, your Committee believe that they are destined to give the strongest inducement to the people of this country and of Europe to select for settlement the highland regions south and west of St. Louis, which equal in extent and adaptability for grape culture the whole vine districts of France or of Hungary. Nor can they perceive any reason why the two finest wines of these countries—the Burgundy and Tokay—may not soon become those of Missouri, since it is now shown that the grapes from which they are made can be grown here with the same ease and luxuriance as they are abroad. In concluding their report your Committee can but express their gratification that to the efforts of the St. Louis Vine and Fruit Growers' Association, and to their Secretary as their active agent, will justly belong the honor of having led the way to these important results.

All which is respectfully submitted.

J. H. Lightner,
Josiah Fogg, } Committee.
R. W. Oliphant, M. D.

To the President of the St. Louis Vine and Fruit Growers' Association, Hon. Bernard Pratte.

THE TREE TOMATO.

Last winter we learned through the European journals that Messrs. Vilmorin, Andrieux, & Co., of Paris, had obtained a Tomato of an entirely different habit from our common varieties, needing neither trellis nor anything of the kind for its support, but growing like a small tree, with a stout stalk and branches, and entirely self-supporting. We immediately ordered a few seeds, which reached us through the mail rather late in the season, but we succeeded in growing about a dozen plants, most of which ripened their fruit.

They are very singular in their habit, the stem being about as thick as a lead pencil when the plants are only an inch or two in height, and continue very robust, with short, strong branches and dark-green foliage. They grow from eighteen inches to two feet in height, and bear from ten to fifteen specimens of fruit of good size.

TREE TOMATO.

The appearance of the plant is well shown in the engraving, and the one from which the drawing was taken had on at the time nine well ripened specimens, of good medium size and tolerably smooth. The fruit is scarlet, seems to be of good quality, solid, flesh thick, and seeds not very abundant.

This tomato is not entirely self-supporting; for the weight of fruit is too great for the main stem, which will bend until the head rests upon the ground, unless supported by a pretty strong stake well driven into the soil. It bears transplanting remarkably well, as the roots are all in a small space, and fibrous; and plants covered with green fruit taken up early in October, and put in the house to save them from frost, do not seem to suffer in the least by the removal.

We judge this will prove a valuable variety for forcing. It is certainly worthy of trial.

PERFECTED TOMATO.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker.—In a late number of the *Country Gentleman* I see it stated that the flavor of Lester's Perfected Tomato is inferior to that of the common red variety. Now, I am aware there is no accounting for taste, and every one must enjoy his opinions, and like and dislike just what he chooses. This I accord to others, and claim the same privilege for myself. I have grown every variety of tomato, and find the little pretty plum-shaped varieties, both red and yellow, the best for pickling and preserving. The old large red is very good, especially for cooking, but I think should never be served raw while we have sorts so much better for the purpose. By a little care in selecting seeds, this old kind can be grown tolerably smooth and much better than where seeds are saved promiscuously. But for serving in an uncooked state, with vinegar, or vinegar and a little sugar, according to the taste, there is nothing that I have grown equal to the Perfected Tomato. It is tolerably even, and solid, with very few seeds, and in my opinion surpassing all other sorts in flavor.

The old red is pretty much made up of a pasty mass abounding in seeds, with very little flesh, and the outside covering little more than skin. The Perfected has thick flesh, with few seeds, and the flesh is soft and pleasant. The *Fejee* and some other sorts have a hard center that is almost or quite unfit to eat in a raw state; but not so with the Perfected, unless it is used before becoming ripe. My family will use no other variety; and it is only by looking out sharp that I am able to save specimens for seed. They will sell, too, in market, for more than any other variety, and some families refuse to purchase any other.

Monroe County, Oct., 1861. W. J.

LAWTON BLACKBERRY IN MICHIGAN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As promised, I send you Mr. Charles Merritt's method of cultivating the Lawton Blackberry in Battle Creek, Michigan. Three years ago last spring he procured one thousand plants from Baltimore, which he set six feet apart, each way, on about an acre of clean sod, a gravelly loam, well pulverized and clear of weeds. The first year he got no berries, the second year about thirty bushels, and this year about sixty bushels, which brought him on an average four dollars and seventy five cents per bushel in Chicago, one hundred and sixty-four miles from Battle Creek, by Railroad. The cost of picking and express charges to Chicago was seventy-five cents per bushel. Mr. M. thinks there will be no difficulty in doubling the crop next year. He sold last spring three thousand plants at forty dollars per thousand, and will have eight thousand plants next spring, which he will sell at twenty-five dollars per thousand.

After he had commenced cultivating the Lawton, Mr. M. looked around among his neighbors who obtained their plants before he did, and found it a great multiplier, but that very little fruit was obtained, and that of an indifferent character. In endeavoring to ascertain the cause he came to the conclusion that the extreme cold weather of the winter and the late spring frosts injured the wood of the plants materially. This induced him to adopt the following method, which has proved eminently successful. About the tenth of November he digs or forks around the roots of the plants, so as to loosen the soil and prevent breaking the roots and branches, and then presses the plants over so as to get the branches as near the ground as possible, and throws on earth or any other material at hand, so as to keep them down. The snow will protect them in this situation through the winter, and it is not necessary to cover the branches with earth or any other material. About the first of May he uncovers the plants, drives stakes and ties each hill to a stake. This puts them back so that the late frosts will not kill the blossom. Mr. M. left exposed twenty hills last fall, and they produced but a very few indifferent berries, not enough to pay for cultivation.

The land is kept plowed out with a one-horse plow, so that it is at all times mellow and clear of weeds, and in the early part of June each hill is given a wheel barrow full of coarse manure. The hills should be kept six feet apart, with four to six good bearing stalks in a hill. This gives plenty of room to work among them.

Mr. M. has a young peach orchard of one thousand trees that should have borne fruit the two past years, but failed. This fall he intends to protect them, so as to secure a crop another season, in the following manner:—Early in the season, when the leaves were on, he cut oak brush, and is laying the peach trees down so far as to be able to cover them with this brush, and he thinks the leaves and snow will afford sufficient protection to save the buds from injury. I will inform you of the result of the experiment.

Mr. Merritt thinks the Lawton will do well on any soil or locality where the wild blackberry flourishes. James Bull.

Detroit, Oct. 11, 1861.

Horticultural Notes.

Fall Planting at the West.—Many have thought that fall planting is particularly objectionable at the West. Suel Foster, of Muscatine, Iowa, writes in the *Northwestern Farmer*.—"I am of opinion, if the work is well done, fall is the best time to set out the orchard. My own experience is that the trees make an earlier start if planted in the fall, and the drouths of the first summer do not affect them as much as spring planting. Pile up the earth 8 or 10 inches high, a good broad pile around the tree, to keep the frost from injuring the roots, to turn off the freezing slop of winter, and to hold the tree firm against the wind. I believe it is better than staking. See that all the roots are carefully, entirely, firmly, and solidly packed in the soil or clay, as you fill up about the roots. Fall or spring, this is one essential thing in tree planting. Avoid wet land, or have it underdrained, or thoroughly surface-drained, by plowing in ridges.

"Another way to avoid the hurry of work and bad roads of spring, is to take your trees home in the fall, and bury them on a dry piece of land. Dig a trench to contain the roots, and lay the trees flat down, and bury them root and branch; having the soil carefully packed about the roots, with about six inches of earth above the top of the upper roots, and the branches barely out of sight. I tried this mode last fall, and the trees came out in the very best order in spring. My own orchard is so full of apples, on so young an orchard —only seven, this is the eighth summer—that I am greatly encouraged—not only my apple trees, but strawberry, grape, and pear, full of fruit."

Dr. Kennicott, who lives near Chicago, Ill., says:—"Most of you are afraid of autumn planting. A mistake, I think, in many cases, especially South, and in dry soil that is seldom moved by frost. * * * The soil is oftener too wet than in autumn—and the spring is almost always the busiest season of the two; and when planted early in autumn, the roots of trees get well embedded, their wounds well healed before winter, and if properly protected, the tree or plant grows right off, and makes a larger growth against a very shall one in late spring planting. Still, in thoughtless hands, we must admit the spring to be the safest season for most trees, and especially evergreens."

New Use for Apples.—It appears from the following statement, which we find in several of the English journals, that the people of that country are threatened with a cider famine, not from the failure of the apples, although a partial crop, but because they are likely to be applied to a more profitable purpose (so far as the growers are concerned,) than in making a household beverage. "It seems that the Manchester calico dyers and printers have discovered that apple juices supply a desideratum long wanted in making fast colors for their printed cottons, and numbers of them have been into Devonshire and the lower parts of Somersetshire buying up all the apples they can get, and giving such a price for them as in the dearest years hitherto known has not been offered. We know of one farmer in Devonshire who has a large orchard, for the produce of which he never before received more than £250, and yet he has sold it this year to a Machester man for £360. There can be no doubt that the discovery will create quite a revolution in the apple trade; and we may add that it will give an impetus to the cultivation of this hardy fruit."

Strange things happen in these days; and in a few years the manufacturers of England may be as anxious to obtain American apples as they now are to get our cotton.

Flowers are not Trifles.—Flowers bloom in beauty, not only in the gardens of the wealthy, but in the field, on the side of the highway, and on the mountain slopes. They are almost everywhere, and yet they are not trifles. God has made them beautiful. There are no unfinished flowers. No pencil could make them more perfect. In the green-house, in the garden, by the wayside, and in the gullies, they are charming. Their life is short but beautiful. The guilty do not love these sweet emblems of innocence, and thieves do not want them in their button holes. In the early spring, in summer heat and autumn frost, they greet us. The child runs to the meadow and woods to gather them, and the young girl braids them in her hair. The old touch them tenderly, knowing that such sweetness and beauty will not last.—Fitch.

Double Fuchsias.—The double Fuchsias have been greatly improved, both in habit, vigor of the plant, and size of the flowers. Some of the new French and Belgian kinds are very remarkable, especially Solferino, which is nearly as large as a moderate-sized rose; truly astonishing in its dimensions. A new English variety, called Mammoth, has also monstrous flowers. Other new and fine French sorts are Duchesse de Brabant, Victor des Pruines, Colibri, and Madame Cornelissen, which is a double white corolled variety, of vigorous habit, free blooming, and exceedingly fine. They are all valuable additions to this handsome tribe of summer blooming green-house plants.—*Hovey's Magazine.*

Fire Blight of the Pear—Remedy.—J. J. Thomas says: "There are two remedies for the fire blight; both taken together will maintain any pear orchard undiminished. The first is the well known one of cutting away the diseased parts, doing it promptly and continually, and two or three feet below the blackened portions. This will save many trees. When the tree dies in spite of this treatment, adopt the other remedy, namely: Whenever one tree dies, plant out two more.

Best Twelve Apples for Western New York.—An old and experienced orchardist, who has grown and sold apples extensively for the last forty years, handed us the following list as the best for the farmer who desires to grow both for market and family use:

Summer—Early Harvest, Early Joe, Red Astrachan, and Sweet Bough.

Autumn—Fall Pippin, Fameuse, and Hawley.

Winter—Baldwin, R. I. Greening, Tomp. Co. King, No. Spy, Red Canada, Green Sweeling.

Fruits Received.—From John Park, of Gates, N. Y., magnificent specimens of Baldwin apples, weighing about a pound each.

—From M. Sutton, Irondequoit, a Cucumber eighteen inches long and weighing five pounds.

—From O. Mallory, Henrietta, a large Rose Winter Radish, excellent quality for its great size.

Inquiries and Answers.

Plant for Name.—Will you please give the botanical and common name of the inclosed plant? It is a labiate plant, with calyx equally five-toothed; corolla a purplish-rose color, in a spike of crowded whorls; stem square; leaves elliptical, and the whole plant tomentose; about one and a half feet high.—L. W., *Johnson's Creek, N. Y.*, 1861.

Stachys lanata is the name. We have never known it by any other.

Domestic Economy.

POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

It not unfrequently happens that serious and distressing results are occasioned by the accidental employment of poison, and it occurred to us that we might possibly do a service to some of our readers by presenting them with a brief and compendious list of the more common poisons and the remedies for them most likely to be close at hand.

Acids.—These cause great heat, and sensations of burning pain, from the mouth down to the stomach. *Remedies*—Magnesia, soda, pearlash or soap, dissolved in water; then use stomach pump or emetics.

Alkalies.—Best remedy is vinegar.

Ammonia.—*Remedy*—Lemon juice or vinegar, afterwards milk and water, or flax-seed tea.

Alcohol.—First cleanse out the stomach by an emetic, then dash cold water on the head, and give ammonia, (spirits of hartshorn.)

Arsenic.—*Remedies*—In the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the white of eggs, lime water, or chalk and water, charcoal and the preparations of iron, particularly hydrate.

Lead.—White lead and sugar of lead. *Remedies*—Alum, cathartic, such as castor oil and epsom salts, especially.

Charcoal.—In poisons by carbonic gas, remove the patient to the open air, dash cold water on the head and body, and stimulate nostrils and lungs by hartshorn, at the same time rubbing the chest briskly.

Corrosive Sublimate.—Give white of eggs freshly mixed with water, or give wheat flour and water, or soap and water freely.

Creosote.—White of eggs and the emetics.

Belladonna, or Night Henbane.—Give emetics, and then plenty of vinegar and water, or lemonade.

Nitrate of Silver (Lunar Caustic).—Give a strong solution of common salt, and then emetics.

Opium.—First give a strong emetic of mustard and water, then strong coffee and acid drinks; dash cold water on the head.

Laudanum.—Same as opium.

Nux Vomica.—First emetics, then brandy.

Oxalic Acid.—Frequently mistaken for epsom salts. *Remedies*—Chalk, magnesia, or soap and water, and other soothing drinks.

Prussic Acid.—When there is time, administer chlorine in the shape of soda or lime. Hot brandy and water. Hartshorn and turpentine are also useful.

Snake Bites, etc.—Apply immediately strong hartshorn, and take it internally, also give sweet oil and stimulants freely. Apply a ligature tightly about the part bitten, and then apply a cupping glass.

Tobacco.—First an emetic, then astringent tea, then stimulants.

Tartar Emetic.—Give large doses of tea made of galls, Peruvian bark, or white oak bark.

Verdigris.—Plenty of white of eggs and water.

In almost all cases of poisoning, emetics are highly useful, and of those, one of the very best, because most prompt and ready, is the common mustard flower or powder, a teaspoonful of which, stirred up in warm water, may be given every five minutes, till free vomiting can be obtained.

Emetics and warm demulcent drinks, such as milk and water, flax-seed or slippery elm tea, chalk water, etc., should be administered without delay. The subsequent management of the case will, of course, be left to a physician.

For insects, stings and bites, such as bees, gnats and the like, take a small piece of saleratus, moisten and apply to the part once or twice, and almost immediate relief will be experienced.—*Hartford Times.*

HOP YEAST, COLORING BLUE, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Being a constant reader of your excellent paper, and noticing an inquiry for a recipe for hop yeast, I send you mine, which I know to be good, and I think all my neighbors can testify to the same, for since I have commenced using it, I have distributed both recipe and the yeast among my friends for miles around, and all think no yeast is quite equal to it.

Take a handful of hops, pour in water and boil them ten or fifteen minutes; then strain it off, take a half pint of thinly sliced potatoes to a quart of the hop juice, boil the potatoes in the hop juice till they become tender; then add half a cup of flour, well mixed with some of the boiling juice; half a cup of sugar, and a quarter of a cup of salt. Cook five or ten minutes, and if the quantity is reduced by boiling, add sufficient water to make a quart of the liquor; then cool and add your rising, and after it is light, it should be kept in a cool place for use. Half a cup of this mixture is sufficient for four loaves of bread.

Coloring Brown.—Will some lady reader of the Rural, give a recipe for coloring light blue berege a brown or maroon?

Curing Beef.—Father wishes some Rural reader to give a recipe for curing beef, so that it will keep sweet through the summer.

Oakdale, Mich., 1861. Anna Hungerford.

Dough-Nuts.—Everybody and his wife, and particularly his little folks, love the good old-fashioned "dough-nuts," or "nut-cakes," or "crullers," or whatever name you call them. But many persons are troubled with "weak digestion," (dyspepsia,) and the large amount of grease absorbed by the said dough-nuts does not always "set so well," but produces a "rising in the stomach." When this is the case, try the following invention:—The dough-nuts being prepared just before immersing them into the hot fat, plump them into a well-beaten egg. This will give a thin coating of albumen, which will keep out the grease effectually. Furthermore, this coating retains the moisture, and keeps them in good condition much longer.

Hardening Tallow for Candles.—I shall be much obliged if any of the Rural's contributors will inform me by what method tallow, saved from beef while cooking, can be hardened so as to make good candles. If there is any such mode please inform—A Reader, *Mott's Corners, N. Y.*, 1861.

Tomato Marmalade.—Take full grown tomatoes while quite green, cut out the stems, stew them all quite soft, rub them through a sieve, set the pulp on the fire, season highly with salt, pepper and pounded cloves; stew all together till thick. It is excellent for seasoning gravies, and keeps well.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

Indispensable.—If you want healthy, light bread, biscuit, and pastry of all kinds, use only D. B. De Land & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus. It is truly the "housewife's favorite," and is indispensable in producing the above results. You can get it of all respectable dealers everywhere.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DREAMLAND.

BY MYRTA MAY.

PLEASANT were my dreams last night,
Even till the morning light;
Through the lonely midnight hours
Roamed I Dreamland's fairest bowers.

I had wandered all the day,
Through a rough and thorny way;
Till closed at last, the Angel Sleep,
Eyes too weary even to weep.

Then the weariness and pain
Passed away from heart and brain,
All my being sweetly blessed
With the soothing balm of rest.

And the friends of long ago—
Those I loved and trusted so—
Clasped my hand in glad surprise,
Looked on me with loving eyes.

Tender words, like holy balm,
Filled my soul with wondrous calm,
Sweeter than the song of birds
Seemed to me those pleasant words.

But too soon the morning hours
Called me back from Dreamland bowers;
Vanished with the coming light
All the visions of the night.

But the joy within my heart
Does not with the night depart;
Tender words my spirit thrill,
Loving eyes look on me still.

Surely blessed are the hours,
When, like dew upon the flowers,
Falleth on the weary, sleep,
Saddest eyes forget to weep.

I've been humming all day long
Snatches of an old-time song;
Know you why my heart is light?
Pleasant were my dreams last night.

Homer, N. Y., 1861.

* * *

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THANKS.

WE are all pleased that our kind offices should be appreciated. Few of us have benevolence so disinterested, that if one favor of ours be received with indifference or contempt, we will take much trouble to repeat it.

We are generally fond of expressions of gratitude. By them we understand that we have made another happier, and are consequently better pleased with ourselves. "You have done me a great favor, I shall always remember it," counts tens if not hundreds in the sum of our earthly happiness. Even the stereotyped, and almost meaningless, "Thank you," in answer to congratulations, compliments, attentions at the table, and little favors generally, is not so offensive to us as other fixed forms of speech. Yet the best thanks are often unexpressed. They go forth for deeds, to notice or mention which would be to take away their chief beauty; delicate and unobtrusive acts of kindness; for thoughtful consideration of our comfort and forbearance to give us pain; for numberless courtesies that we may feel and prize, but for which there are no words,—yet for these are springing up in hearts fountains of gratitude whose depth is only known by its stillness. It is so with sympathy. We like to know that our friend thinks, feels, and would act with us, but we hate clamorous approval of everything we do or say. If we are admiring a beautiful landscape, an autumn sunset, or the glory of a thunder storm, and one, noticing our rapt attention, comes to our side, loudly expatiating upon the prospect, we turn away quickly, disgusted with our companion, and losing our relish for the beauty before us. And we dislike to hear our own opinion echoed from mouth to mouth, unless we are sure that it finds a responsive chord in the bosom of those whose lips utter it. Worst of all do we hate that sympathy which would invade the inner shrine of our hearts, and while pretending to offer there the sacrifice of unselfish devotion, like BELSHAZZER, drag forth the treasures and the golden vessels into the outer chamber, and there use them in riotous feasting.

Thank GOD, there is a better sympathy than this. We feel it in our souls in harmony with everything pure and beautiful in nature, and everything noble and true in human action. In sickness and suffering its sweet, unseen influence is always with us. Time and distance cannot destroy it, death will not take it away. It is of Heavenly origin, and in Heaven alone will it be perfected.

Why, then, need sympathy ever be expressed? Why must thanks be uttered? Simply because the vail of mortality between us and our friends is so thick that we cannot always see through it the spirit of beauty; and our best actions are likely to be mistaken, and the motives that prompted them misunderstood; but if the glass through which we now see so darkly ever be removed, and we be allowed to see "face to face," then shall we know in its fullest extent the meaning of that "joy unspeakable," the faint foreshadowing of which, even here, in perfect human sympathy, we have sometimes felt.

Alden, N. Y., 1861. E. J. FINCH.

* * *

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GOOD BYE.

GOOD BYE! How strangely mingled are the memories of pleasure and pain which this expression causes to throng upon the soul of one who has been torn from dear friends by the call of duty or the decree of death,—sweet memories of scenes which will remain through life fresh to the mind and precious to the heart; of happy associations in the dear home of childhood and youth, and of loved friends whose lineaments are indelibly daguerreotyped upon the soul; tender memories of the hour when in sadness the hands of loved ones have been clasped when about passing out in loneliness of heart to battle with the world; painful memories of the hour of sorrow, when death has asserted his power and rudely sundered the tenderest ties of earthly affection, while the spirit of a loved one has plumed its unfettered wings for flight to the eternal world.

Unless its better instincts have been blighted or totally changed by wrong passions, the human heart *will* love. Its love naturally fastens upon, and clings with fond tenacity to, those with whom we associate and are intimately connected, until they seem essential to our earthly happiness. The scenes amid which we move, even, become dear on account of the memories connected with them and the charm lent to them by love. Could they be divested of this charm, they could be easily and speedily forgotten. But such is the mutable nature of everything earthly that we are often torn by the changes of time from friends and that which they make—*home*. When the parting hour has come, there is nothing so expressive or dear to tell the heart's utterance as *Good Bye*.

After the good bye has been spoken, how precious and sacred are the mementoes of friendship and affection. The eyes gaze fondly even upon the bookmark bearing a familiar name neatly wrought by a dear hand, or upon the little locks of hair given in affection, and recalling the lingering good bye of the last hour. Until then a *fond* cheerfulness characterized words and acts; but *then* the thought came with crushing power that the feet were pressing, perchance for the last time, the dear halls of home, and the heart throbbed violently, while tears flowed freely and unbidden.

How sad was the parting when that noble young volunteer was about hastening away to engage in the battles of his country. How sad were the sisters as they gave him the parting kiss, praying that retributive justice might speedily be visited upon the bad men who have brought such ruin upon our loved and once happy country. "Go, my son," said the father, in firm but tender accents, while the large tear-drops rolled down his manly cheeks, "your country calls you. May the GOD of Battles bless and keep you. Good bye." The poor mother was almost broken-hearted at parting with the manly son who had been at once her joy and pride. She could only place in his satchel a copy of the Sacred Scriptures as a parting gift, and throwing her arms around his neck she wept bitterly, not having strength to murmur even good bye.

How sad was parting to that widowed mother and her fatherless boy, as he was about leaving to dwell in the family of a stranger. How bravely she met the parting hour, in order that the little lad might go the more cheerfully. One could not but weep to see how tumultuous were the emotions raging in the bosom of that mother as she turned to conceal and dash away the tears that *would* flow. How many children will be made fatherless by the awful struggle for national existence which has been forced upon our dear country. Oh! you who have homes and plenty, remember in kindness the fatherless and the orphan. Only kind words and acts should characterize your conduct toward them.

How often we are called upon to bid a last and sad good bye to some cherished joy or darling hope.

"How vain are all things 'neath the skies,
How transient every earthly bliss."

But good bye shall never be spoken in Heaven.

Academy, New Haven, Vt., 1861. A. T. E. CLARKE.

* * *

DELICATE WOMEN.

WE cannot be far from right in saying that almost all the mental and physical ailings of "delicate women" may be traced to a defective education. And those who are now engaged in training girls, whether at home or in schools, cannot too seriously consider the weight of responsibility resting upon them. Upon their management depends much of future health, and consequently the usefulness and happiness of those committed to their charge.

As requisites to the promotion of bodily vigor, we will mention:

A strict attention to personal cleanliness, which children should be taught to cultivate, because it is healthy and right that they should be clean, and not because "It would look so if they were dirty!"

The use of apartments that are well ventilated.

Frequent and sufficient active bodily exercise in the open air.

Entire freedom from any pressure upon the person by the use of tight clothes.

A sufficiency of nourishing and digestible food.

And in the winter the use of such firing as is needed to keep up a healthful warmth.

All these will tend to promote health, but we shall have no security against "delicate women" unless there also be added the cultivation of mental health. For this it is necessary that girls should be taught to cultivate *mental purity* and *mental activity* by sufficient and well regulated exercise of the mind. Habits of benevolence, contentment, and cheerful gratitude, should be inculcated, both by precept and example, to the exclusion of selfishness. And above all should be strongly impressed upon the mind the necessity of the strictest integrity, which will lead to the abhorrence of every species of affectation, which is, indeed, only a modified sort of deceit. Girls should also be early taught that they are responsible beings; responsible to God for the right use of all the mercies bestowed upon them; and that health is one of the chief of earthly blessings, and that it is their duty to value and preserve it.

But much is learned from example as well as precept; therefore, let no affectation of languid airs in a teacher give a child the idea that there can be anything admirable in the absence of strength. We do not wish that girls should cultivate anything masculine; for an unfeminine woman cannot be an object of admiration to the right judging of either sex. But a female has no occasion to affect to be feminine; she is so naturally, and if she will but let nature have its perfect work, she will, most likely, be not only feminine, but also graceful and admirable.

The school studies of girls should be so arranged that they may afford mental food and satisfaction; otherwise, as soon as the lesson hours are over, they will most likely turn with avidity to any nonsense they can learn from foolish conversation, or to reading some of the trashy books of the day, to the injury of all mental and moral health, and the almost certain production of "delicate women."

If you are conscious of the least feeling of satisfaction in hearing yourself spoken of as delicate, be assured it is a degree of mental disease that allows the feeling. If you ever suppose that you gain your husband's sympathy by weakness, remember you might gain more of his esteem, and satisfied affection, by strength. Fifty years ago, it was well said that, "To a man of feeling, extreme delicacy in the partner of his life and fortune, is an object of great and constant concern; but a semblance of such delicacy, where it does not really exist, is an insult on his discernment, and must ultimately inspire him with aversion and disgust." It is not for us to say how many put on the semblance of delicacy as a covering for idleness, or from any of the weak motives that prompt such an affectation—and happy will it be for the household of any one who can be aroused from such a pitiable state.

Could women only know how many husbands are bankrupt because their wives are "delicate,"—how many children are physically, mentally, and morally neglected and ruined, because their mothers are "delicate"—how many servants become dishonest and inefficient, because their mistresses are "delicate"—the list would be so appalling, that possibly we might hear of an anti-delicate ladies' association, for the better promotion of family happiness and family economy.—*Rural Register.*

* * *

LIFE, to the young, is a fairy tale just opened; to the old, it is a tale through, ending with death.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AUTUMN RAIN.

THE raindrops patter softly
On the many withered leaves
That scattered o'er earth's bosom lie—
The robe October weaves;
And with a saddening sound
On the cottage roof they beat,
Till they seem like pattering footsteps
Of many little feet.

The clouds are a leaden color,
The winds go moaning by,
Sighing, weeping in their mourning,
The breezes and the sky;
Sighing for the brightness past,
Of summer's happy hours,
And weeping for the song-birds gone,
And withered leaves and flowers.

With the merry, joyous Spring-Time,
With the pleasant Summer flown,
How many bright hopes faded,
How many joys are gone.
We sigh for many pleasant hours
That will never come again,
And for their sad departure,
We weep with the Autumn Rain.

Rome, N. Y., 1861. C.

* * *

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE.

THE various colors of the autumnal foliage are now spread out before us. Where there is enough of hill or mountain and vale, it is the object of annual and universal admiration. The mind must have its curiosity arrested, and the eye must have a portion of cultivation, that the whole scene of splendor and beauty may not be passed unnoticed. Though individual cases may have a sickly hue, and the marks of decay and dissolution be prominent, yet, as a whole, the scene is splendid,—more than beautiful,—even gorgeous. This is the special vision of the hill country, more distinguished as the hill is abrupt and thickly wooded. For, then your eye rests on the gradation of color from the valley upwards, especially if the adequate proportion of evergreen trees,—as the pines, hemlock, spruces, tamarack,—fill up the scene. In the variety of colors, and in the numerous shades of the same color, intermingled with the evergreen, one forgets the thought of decay, and feasts on the gorgeous splendors of nature's works, the operation of the laws constituted by the Infinite Creator.

The leaves have begun to fall without any *frost*, because they were mature and had accomplished their purpose; and they fall not all at once, because all do not mature at the same time. So they fall in hot countries where frost is unknown. The variegated colors have shone forth, also, without frost; so that all have evidence of these changes taking place without the aid, or intervention, or action of any violent force like frost. The light produces changes in the vegetable composition, chiefly by means of the oxygen of the atmosphere, so that the leaves reflect the beautiful hues which on all sides appear. The bright green of the sugar maple has changed to some shade of yellow; the soft maple has dressed itself, often in beautiful purple, or sometimes rosy red or pale green. Yonder I see the deep and strong glossy green of the *Ampelopsis*, the Virginia Creeper,—falsely and absurdly sometimes named Woodbine,—changed to dark red or crimson, gorgeous amid the surroundings of all shades of green, and yellow, and grey. If your eye falls on some species of sumac, which are loaded with clusters of fruit yellowish or red, and clothed now in a brown dress, or on the oak, which wears the *russet* of England, as its poets call it, you find new shades of color, and wonder how all this effect is produced. Near by may often be seen the witch-hazel (*Hamamelis*), with its fruit now nearly matured, while the yellow leaves are already falling, and its branches bearing the yellow flowers for the fruit of the succeeding year; and the wonder is heightened by the various colors of the same leaf or leaves of the *Cornus* (cornels or dogwood), russet, or reddish, yellow, orange, purple and green, tinted with gold or red; and even more augmented by the numerous hues on the leaves, so different in form also, of the Sassafras. Come to the hills, and see for yourself. Stop not to call this the most splendid scene the eye can rest upon, because you are there; for the most gorgeous autumnal landscapes are found from Canada over all the hill and mountain scenery certainly of many of the States. The Green Mountains, the Taconic Range, the Allegany Ridges, even the hills in Middle and Western New York, show these unsurpassed beauties and splendors.

Many years since, Dr. DWIGHT, the President of Yale College, asked an intelligent Englishman of taste, while admiring with him this autumnal foliage near New Haven, why the poets of England ever used the terms *brown* autumn, or *russet*, in their descriptions, and received the answer to this effect: "*Because they never saw any other; such a scene as this never blest their vision.*" To this day the English hardly believe descriptions of our autumnal landscapes. At this very time, an American lady is collecting specimens of all this different colored foliage to send to her lady friend of taste in London, to give her some glimpses of a gorgeousness of scenery which must be beheld to understand that language cannot express the variety, beauty and splendor of this vision of our autumnal glory.

Still, this is the decay and death of the year, on which, as on the departing day, some of the brightest tints appear. It is the Creator's design, when the year has fulfilled His beneficent purpose, to crown nature with higher beauty. It has been called the *hectic* of the year, the *fatal flush* of nature. True, so let it be. But, the lovely face of the consumptive shows its richest beauty and subduing power when the hectic glow rests upon it, so transparent seems its covering, and so lustrous the eyes of the soul. How often it is that in the hour of dissolution, the sufferer's features are lighted up by immortal aspirations. May not the Wise Author of nature have put the seal of His approbation and delight in His handiwork, by clothing its last hours in more splendent beauty. C. D.

October 22, 1861.

* * *

HE that abuses his *own* profession, will not patiently bear with any one *else* that does so. And this is one of our most subtile operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly *except* ourselves, but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.

* * *

THERE is philosophy in the remark, that every man has in his own life follies enough; in the performance of his duties, deficiencies enough; in his own mind, troubles enough; without being curious about the affairs of others.

PICTURES OF HOME.

I RECALL a home long since left behind me in the journey of life, and its memory floats back over me with a shower of emotions and thoughts, toward whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains—humble and homely—but priceless in its wealth and associations. The waterfall sings in my ears as it used to through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tansy under the window, and the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with strange light through the dull winter evenings, the woodpile at the door, the ghostly winter birches of the hill, and the dim blue haze on the retiring mountains—all these come back to me with an appeal that touches my heart and moistens my eye.

I sit again in the doorway at summer nightfall, eating my bread and milk, looking off on the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys upon the hillside, calling or driving home the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious way of the dusky night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his measured note, and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge toward the earth.

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams into the bay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely opened doors—opened to the soft south wind of spring—and watch the cattle, whose faces look half human to me as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate, while drop by drop the melting snow on the roof drills holes through the wasting drift beneath the eaves.

The first little lambs of the season tottle by the side of their dams, and utter feeble bleatings, while the flock nibble at the hay-racks, or a pair of rival wethers try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play. The proud old rooster crows upon his dunghill throne, and some delighted member of his silly family leaves her nest, and tells to her mates and to me that there is another egg in the world.

The old horse whinnies in his stall, and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof, and think of last year's swallows—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening that gave them ingress and egress. How, I know not, and care not, but that old barn is a part of myself—it has entered into life and given me growth and wealth.

But I look into the house again, where the life abides, which has appropriated these things, and I find among them its home. The hour of the evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man in middle life—though very old he seemed to me—takes down the Bible and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A sweet woman sits at his side, and brothers and sisters are grouped reverently around me. I do not understand the words, but I was told that they were the words of God, and I believe it. The long chapter ends, and then we all kneel down and the old man prays. I fall asleep with my head in a chair, and the next morning remember nothing how I went to bed.

After breakfast the Bible is taken down, and the good man prays again; and again is the worship repeated through all the days of my golden years. The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproof and approval, the sympathy that meets the pangs of every sorrow and sweetens every little success, all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in Heaven, and straying, lost my way.

Well, the good old man grew old and weary, and fell asleep at last, with blessings upon his lips for me. Some of those who called him father, lie side by side in the same calm place. The others are scattered and dwell in new homes, and the old house, barn and orchard have passed into the hands of strangers, who have learned, or who are learning, to look upon them as I do now.

Lost, ruined, forever left behind, that home is mine to-day, as truly as it ever was, for have I not brought it away with me and shown it to you? It was the home of my boyhood. In it I found my first mental food, and by it was my young soul fashioned. To me, through weary years and many dangers and sorrows, it has been a perennial fountain of delight and purifying influences, simply because it was my home and was and is part of me. The rose at the gate blooms for me now—the landscape when I summon it; and I hear the voices that call me, from lips which memory makes immortal.—*Selected.*

* * *

ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.—English landscape has a minutely finished look; it lacks grandeur; its features are delicate, and the impression left is that of softness and gentle beauty. The grass grows to the very rim of the water, like a carpet to a rich drawing room, which must not betray an inch of unadorned floor. The fields are rolled to a perfect smoothness; the hedges look as if they had no use but beauty; the trees and multitudinous vines have a draperied air, and strike the eye rather as a part of the charming whole, than as possessing an individual interest.

We have seen woodlands in the far west that were far more gracefully majestic than any we have seen in England; but we have no such miles of cultured and close-fitted scenery. Nature with us throws on her clothes negligently, confident in beauty; in England she has evidently looked in the glass until not a curl strays from its fillet, not a dimple is unschooled.

* * *

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.—The grand secret of success in business is to *stick to one thing*. Who ever knew anybody to do this for ten years, without accomplishing his ends? Continual dropping wears away the rock; the highest obstacles become at length as cobweb barriers before a never flagging energy.

"Go out in spring, when the sun is yet far distant, and you can scarcely feel the influence of his beams, scattered as they are over the wide face of creation; but collect those beams in a focus, and they kindle up a flame in an instant. So the man that squanders his talents and his strength on many things will fail to make an impression with either; but let him draw them to a point—let him strike at a single object—and it will yield before him."

* * *

SOME men who know that they are great, are so very haughty withal, and insufferable, that their acquaintances discover their greatness only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be turnpikes *only by the toll.*

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR SAVIOR.

"UNTO you who believe His name is precious."

YES, dearer than all else on earth
The knowledge of the SAVIOR'S love,
The study of His truth and worth
The coldest might to kindness move.

Precious His name who died to save
His people from each sin,
Dispelled the terrors of the grave
For those who trust in Him.

Precious the precepts given to us,
To guide our way through life;
If heeded, they our hearts will bless—
Will silence passion's strife.

Precious the promises to those
Who walk the heavenly way;
On such how peacefully shall close
Life's darkest, dreariest day.

Precious His name, His works, His love,
Unto you who believe;
You shall from Him, in heaven above,
Eternal life receive.

Geneva, Wis., 1861. B. C. D.

* * *

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

WE want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner table is late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon and makes the happy hours like the eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily, not on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing, a religion that banishes small measures from the counter, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk cans, and buttons from the contribution box. The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wine than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grows and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half of a pair of shoes of good leather and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash.

It will not put Jouvin's stamp upon Jenkin's kid gloves, nor mark Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton-thread spool break to the yard stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvedge to selvedge, nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamized with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of woolen rags pressed together be sold to the unexpecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put brick at five dollars a thousand into the chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window-blinds of slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars upon demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.—*Congregationalist.*

* * *

THE VICTORY.—There is a victory, and a way of making it mine. A man of flesh and blood like me—a man defiled by sin like me, was able in this life to defy that enemy to his face; was able to turn the terror into an anthem of joyful praise,—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" A happy man was he; when death is no longer dreadful, life becomes tenfold more sweet. Nor let the reader suppose that this was Paul's experience, and that he was a great apostle, and that common people need not expect to be on a level with him. The way by which he entered into peace is open still; and we are as welcome as he. It would be contrary to the Scripture, and dishonoring to Christ, to suppose that it was in any respect easier for Saul of Tarsus to get into peace with God than it is for you and me. The gate is open, and the inscription over it is, "*Whosoever will.*" If any reader of this page is kept out from pardon and peace with God through the blood of Christ, it is because he will not close with the free offer now held out to all: "Seek, and ye shall find." Lay your mind to it as you have laid your mind to your education, your craft, your shop, or your farm, and you will not fail.

* * *

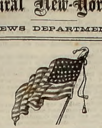
"I MEANT RIGHT."—There are multitudes of men who all their life long fail of earnest Christian duty, but always hold before themselves this ready shield: "I meant right." Now, the proper evidence of meaning right, is doing right. There is no other evidence that can justly be accepted. An imbecile good nature is not meaning right. There are thousands of men who, if mere amiableness is meaning right, if a kind of useless benevolence is meaning right, have right intentions. There are thousands of men that pass through life without any distinct purpose, apparently, without any seeming desire to do right, who hold themselves to be excusable for their faults and failings simply on the ground of meaning well, of having good intentions.

* * *

THE Bible is the bravest of books. Coming from God, and conscious of nothing but God's truth, it awaits the progress of knowledge with calm security. It watches the antiquary ransacking among classic ruins, and rejoices in every medal he discovers, every inscription he deciphers; for from that rusty coin or corroded marble, it expects nothing but confirmations of its own veracity.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"Up! up with the Stars and the Stripes, and go forth
To save our great Union, brave men of the North!
Nor rest till the Star-Spangled Banner ye see
Triumphantly float from the Palmetto tree!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

THE REBELS TO WINTER IN CINCINNATI. — The New Orleans *Delta* thus threatens the good people of "Porkopolis" with a visit from the rebels:—"We express the opinion, based upon what we believe to be a reasonable hope, that our army of the Ohio—that is, the various commands of Lee, Johnston, McCulluch, and Price, which will constitute it, when combined—will be able to make their winter quarters in Cincinnati and adjacent eligible points in Ohio, so as to command all the interior lines of communication eastward, branching off from the commercial capital of that State." That is, certainly, a pleasant prospect for the Buckeyes.

REASONS FOR SUSPENDING.—Morton Fannahill & Co., a large grocery house in Petersburg, Va., have closed their doors, and give, in an advertisement, the following reasons for doing so:—"We have now no goods for sale except a little L. F. salt. Persons ordering goods of us must send the cash to fill their orders, unless they have money to their credit. Four of our partners and six of our clerks are in the army, and having sold our stock on credit, we have no money to buy more to be disposed of in that way."

BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA ISLAND.—For several days rumors have reached us, from rebel sources, of an attack upon Col. WILSON'S Zouaves, stationed upon Santa Rosa Island, in which the Colonel and his men were very roughly treated. We give the Pensacola correspondence of the Augusta (Geo.) *Constitutionalist:*

CAMP STEVENS, PENSACOLA, FLA., Oct. 9, 1861.

During last night, an expedition, composed of detachments of several Confederate companies and regiments, set out for Santa Rosa Island, for the purpose of breaking up the encampment of the notorious Billy Wilson and his celebrated Fire Zouaves, who had taken position on the island. Early in the evening, Col. Jackson visited our camp and informed us that he required one hundred and fifty men from our regiment (the 5th Georgia) to perform a very important service—twenty-seven from the Clinch Rifle Corps, and nineteen from the Irish Volunteers. Every man who was willing to volunteer was requested to shoulder arms—and every man came to a shoulder. The captains of the companies were then required to pick out the required number, which was done. Colonel Jackson accompanied the expedition, and the entire force, which consisted of about twelve hundred men, was under the command of General Anderson.

About two o'clock this morning we landed on the island, and marched about five miles through the enemy's lines, and into his camp, which we completely destroyed, burning up his tents, &c., and killing his sentinels as we proceeded. The Zouaves were taken almost completely by surprise, but as soon as they recovered, fought desperately; at times, however, they acted rather cowardly; but, upon the whole, gave us some pretty warm work. We finally succeeded in driving them into Fort Pickens, killing quite a number of them, taking some thirty or forty of them prisoners and a lot of camp equipage and other trophies. Some of our men have brought away money, hats, caps, guns, swords, pistols, and pieces of Billy's standard. Our men acted with great coolness and bravery, and, having accomplished the object of our mission, we returned to the main land. As we did so, we found that the balance of the regiment was advancing to re-enforce us, but finding us coming back, they also returned to the camp. Our loss has been very severe. Too much cannot be said in praise of the officers and men; and the only regret is, that some of our men were taken prisoners by the enemy.

Later correspondence of the same journal gives addition particulars of the fight on Santa Rosa Island, which presents that affair in a different aspect from that in which the telegrams left it, and make it doubtful whether the rebels gained the decided victory they so clamorously claimed. The rebel force was twice that of the Zouaves—who, it is acknowledged, fought with desperate bravery. The loss of the rebels is explicitly stated to have been severe, in killed, wounded, and captured.

The Mobile *Tribune* of the 11th, in speaking of the Santa Rosa affair says, the *coup* was made at considerable loss on our side, but doubtless the Federal loss much exceeded ours.

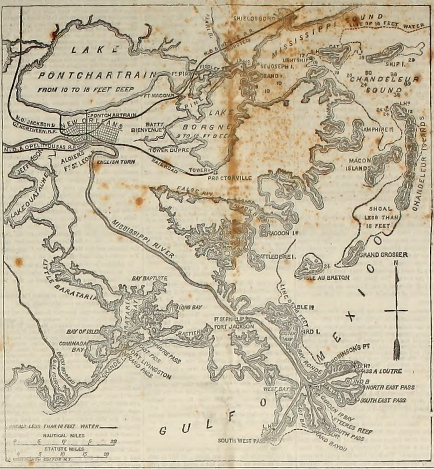
The sequel to this affair is a correspondence between Bol. Crown and Ben. Gragg, published in the Pensacola *Observer*, in which the former gives the rebel leader due notice to remove the women, children, and sick from the building hitherto used as a hospital, since he has suspicions that it will be made to serve as a protection for Confederate troops in case his batteries are opened. Gen. Bragg replies, refusing to abandon this naval fortification, which possibly has by this time met the fate it deserves.

GETTING SICK OF THE WAR.—The Richmond *Whig*, in an editorial on the war, says all indications point to protracted fighting. After commenting upon what it terms a safe policy of acting on the defensive, which has been adopted by the rebel generals, a policy which the editors fail to appreciate, and showing the supremacy that the United States have gained by threatening the whole coast, and are able to assail at any point an extended portion of the South, this declaration of despair is uttered:

"The possibility of success is not within the range of accident; to prevent our subjection or extermination is all that we can hope for. We have no skill and strategy, and know nothing of the means at the command of our generals; but if this is all that is left us, we might as well be looking out for terms of submission, and the sooner the better. Endless war, which affords no opportunity for either victory or revenge, is a bootless undertaking. The Southern people who have offered themselves and their all for the prosecution of this war, and who have placed implicit confidence in men invested with its conduct, have looked for something better.

It is not to be denied that a sense of unqualified distrust is gradually supplanting that generous confidence; that the suspicion is gaining ground that all the advantage of our position has not been profited by as it might have been; that the war has not been prosecuted with the vigor and energy demanded by the emergency. We hear muttering complaints afoot from those connected with the quartermaster, commissary, and medical departments, growing out of the appointment of so many civilians to high commands. Many of these appointments have filled the country with apprehensions of some disaster."

MAP EXHIBITING THE APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS.



FLOYD A COWARD AS WELL AS A THIEF. — The late Secretary of War has become the subject of very unkind treatment at Richmond, where he is publicly taunted with being a coward as well as a thief. His wonderful success in stealing does not seem to obscure the fact from his most partial friends that he is also a sneak. The conduct of the gun thief at Gauley Bridge, and in the retreat to Meadow Bluff, provokes the anger and contempt of his associate officers, whose feelings have found expression in the Richmond *Enquirer*, and, according to the best sources of information, have become the subject of street talk in the rebel capital. Floyd, on recovering his breath, after his furious retreat, pronounced the sharp reflections upon his courage as "calumniatory falsehoods, having no shadow of truth for their foundation," and demanded the names of the authors. The *Enquirer* declines to respond to the demand, and twits upon facts as follows:—"We shall dismiss his letter with the statement that the *characters of our correspondents have never been stained by the suspicion of a crime,* and that the charge of falsehood against them is much easier made than proved. They are gentlemen, the equals of Gen. Floyd in every respect, and what they have averred in their communications we believe to be true in letter and in spirit." After such base ingratitude, what inducement will other knaves have to help their friends?

The Retreat from Chicamicomico.

FROM letters sent home by the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, and published in the Indianapolis *Journal*, we select the following thrilling incident preceding the engagement, in which the rebels were so terribly punished by the U. S. Steamers Monticello and Susquehanna:

"A rebel fleet of seven steamers, carrying at least three thousand men, two schooners, one floating battery, and a number of barges, appeared off Chicamicomico on the morning of the 4th. The regiment was drawn up to the left of the camp to avoid exposure, when the enemy shelled and destroyed the camp and hospital. The guns in some instances threw their shells clear over the beach, which at this point is but half a mile wide. We were five hundred and fifty strong, one company being to the south of the camp, and were drawn up to repel a landing, when a movement of the fleet was observed, showing that the enemy intended to land about eighteen miles south, and thus cut off our retreat upon Forts Hatteras and Clark. We had no cannon or baggage wagons, and but little food. Our muskets were the most ordinary smooth bore, and against the ovewhelming numbers of the enemy it was not deemed advisable to attempt to make a stand and run the risk of being cut off. A retreat was accordingly commenced at nine o'clock.

The sun was shining on the white sand of the beach, heating the air as if it were a furnace. The men had neither provisions nor water. The haste in which they had rushed to repel the enemy had prevented this, and it was too late to go back to camp. The first ten miles of the march was terrible. No water, the men unused to long marches, the sand heavy and the feet of the men sinking into it at every step, and a point below to be gained in order to join company F, to prevent their being cut off. As the regiment pushed along, man after man would stagger from the ranks, and fall upon the hot sand. Our Colonel walked along with his men, having given up his horse to a sick soldier.

But the most sorrowful sight of all was the islanders leaving their homes from fear of the enemy. They could be seen in groups, sometimes with a little cart carrying their provisions, but mostly with nothing, fleeing for dear life. Mothers carrying their babes, fathers leading along the boys, grandfathers and grandmothers straggling along from homes they had not left before. Relying on our protection they had been our friends, but in an evil hour we were compelled to leave them.

We still toiled on, the heat most intense, and no water. Hunger was nothing in comparison with thirst. About sunset the enemy were reported in force in front. After some delay the army marched by the right flank, skirmishers ahead, until we reached the narrow inlet about five miles above Hatteras Light House, and here our great danger was at once seen. The fleet of the enemy had drawn up in line, so as to sweep the beach and render a passage impossible, but had neglected to land their men. It was now near twilight. The clouds in the West reflected the bright tints of the sun, and showed us the enemy in the foreground. In the East heavy gray clouds lowered, and our uniforms corresponding, hid us from their view, as we silently stole along, the roar of the surf drowning the footsteps of the men and the commands of the officers; yet every little while we would watch, expecting to see the flash of the enemy's cannon, or hear the report of the bursting shell in our little band. It was a narrow escape, and a providential one, and our Colonel was affected to tears at the danger we had passed.

At midnight we reached Hatteras Light House, having made a march of twenty-eight miles. Here we found water, and using the Light House as a fort, we encamped for the night. As the day broke we could see two men-of-war anchored near the beach, and found them to be the Monticello and Susquehanna, having been sent to our relief from Fort Hatteras. The officers treated us kindly, sent us ashore provisions, and the jolly tars gave us all the tobacco they had. Upon informing them of the position of the enemy, they immediately steamed up the coast, and as we left our camp we could hear them bombarding the enemy, could see the smoke of both fleets, and it is reported our fleet destroyed two of their vessels.

Here we were re-enforced by eight companies of Col. Hawkin's Zouaves, and at 12 o'clock left for Hatteras Inlet, and after a tiresome march through the sand reached there at 8 o'clock. About 4 o'clock I captured a cooked sweet potato, and thought it the most delicious morsel I ever ate. The Zouaves treated us like princes, fed us, gave up their beds, and slept in the sand. They are gay boys, and will always have our friendship. We are now at Fort Clark, Hatteras Inlet. We have borrowed enough tents to sleep in, but have nothing else, the enemy having captured everything.

A more gallant retreat was never effected—prompt, masterly—the plans and intents of the foe guessed with a correctness like prophecy, and the only means that could have possibly saved the regiment put in execution, and, through the trying hours of the retreat, carried out with that energy and promptness for which Colonel Brown is so noted. Gen. Mansfield arrived on the 7th from Fortress Monroe, and assumed command of this Department. It is now stated that sufficient force will be concentrated here to hold the forts, and take the Sound, and drive the enemy from it.

The Fight at Harper's Ferry.

FROM the correspondence of the *Washington Star*, we obtain the following interesting intelligence of this spirited encounter:

On the morning of the 16th ult., at 8½ o'clock, Col. John W. Geary, of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, and about four hundred men, composed of fractions of companies A, D, F, and G, of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania; C, I, and K, Thirteenth Massachusetts; A, C, and H, Third Wisconsin, aided by two "amateurs" (Judge Daniel McCook and Benjamin G. Owens, of Illinois,) were attacked by twenty-five hundred or more of the rebels, including the celebrated cavalry regiment of Col. Ashby. The rebels had six pieces of artillery—four of them upon London Heights south, and two upon Bolivar Heights west, upon the Charleston road, midway between the Potomac and the Shenandoah rivers, and a mile and a half back of the Ferry. The rebels first drove in our pickets from Bolivar Heights, and then began a cross-fire upon us, which lasted for several hours. Their cavalry charged into Bolivar, but were driven back by the Third Wisconsin boys, aided by shell from Capt. Tompkins' battery, which was upon the Maryland Heights, east of the Ferry.

Two Wisconsin companies, led by Captain Henry Bertram, then made a desperate charge upon the enemy's guns, and took a 32-pound columbiad, but were driven back by a cavalry charge, and heavy firing from the vicinity of Smallwood's woods. Shell then fell around us thick as hail, and making a noise over us about like a train of cars when crossing a bridge. Capt. Tompkins at this time turned his guns upon Loudon Heights, silenced all the guns there, and scattered the enemy, who were seen in great numbers. Two rebel guns upon Bolivar Heights kept up a constant fire with shell and canister until 5 P. M., and our men were gradually advancing upon them under cover of the houses, breaking down the fences as they went in the west end of the town, when Lieut. Martin, with a piece of artillery belonging to the Ninth New York regiment, came to our aid, and fired upon the enemy with terrible effect, advancing at intervals, accompanied by Col. Geary in person, the men flanking right and left considerably in advance of the place, and deploying obliquely.

The Wisconsin men, commanded by Captain H. Bertram, were on the left; the Massachusetts men, under Lieut. Jackson, a Pennsylvania company, and one of the "Amateurs," composed the right wing. Col. Geary, Judge McCook, and the balance of the Pennsylvanians, were in the center. Our brave band, with a universal shout for the Union, stormed the heights of Bolivar, drove the enemy in the wildest confusion from Smallwood's woods, recaptured the 32-pounder and two ammunition wagons, disabled several of the enemy's horses, took four prisoners, including Chaplain "Billy North," of Jefferson Co., Va. The rebel Colonel's cap was among the trophies; he was shot from his horse, but re-mounted, and made his escape. The rebels could not stand the fire of our artillery and Enfield rifles, so they fled to the woods, near Halltown, and began shelling us with the only remaining available gun they had left; but our shells soon silenced it, one of them striking the rebel caisson, causing a great explosion. When we reached the heights, we found the axle of the "new convert" considerably damaged by a shell, and also found that the rebels had used great industry during the day by making extensive additions to our works there, from which they had driven our pickets in the morning.

The rebels disgraced themselves more than ever by taking off the clothing, rifling the pockets, and then running their bayonets through the Federal killed.

A team of a dozen horses was brought up from the Ferry with remarkable expedition, and the big gun was conveyed across the river, placed in position commanding Harper's Ferry and the mouth of the Shenandoah, and was there, by one of the "amateurs," named "The New Convert to the Union." As the gun moved down the street toward the Maryland side, we met Major Tindale and Adjutant Flynn, with a re-enforcement of five companies, to wit: B, C, I, K, and M, of the Twenth-eighth Pennsylvania, who had just arrived from Point of Rocks. The cheering of these toops was most vociferous; and the Virginia ladies of the place gave strong proof of their love for the Union by waving their handkerchiefs and joining in the general jubilee. About 5 P. M., one or two other cannon of the New York Ninth crossed the river and ascended Bolivar Heights, and the woods in the direction of Halltown, as well as Loudon Heights, were completely shelled, but with no reply.

Our loss was four killed and eight wounded; theirs must have been very heavy, as they have had all the wagons of the neighborhood busy in hauling off the slain. Two wagons were seen full of the killed. The Chaplain admitted their loss to be very heavy, and much blood was found upon the hill from which they were driven. Col. Geary displayed much skill and bravery during the whole of the engagement.

Col. Geary was ordered by Major-General Banks to cross the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, in order that he might capture a large quantity of wheat, most of which was stored in a mill belonging to a gentleman by the name of Herr. The order aforesaid was obeyed, and twenty thousand bushels of wheat were taken. The object of the mission was accomplished before the battle began.

The Battle at Ball's Bluff.

THE following report of the battle at Ball's Bluff, midway between Conrad's and Edward's Ferry, and opposite Harrison's Island, which occurred on the 21st ult., has been gleaned from authentic sources:

On Sunday night Col. Diven, of the 15th Massachusetts regiment, who had for some time guarded Harrison's Island with one company, ordered Capt. Philbrick, of Company H, and Quartermaster Howe, of his staff, with a detachment of 20 men, to scout the Virginia shore in the direction of Leesburg. They recrossed from the Island to the shore within three-quarters of a mile of Leesburg, returning to their starting point about 10 o'clock at night, discovering, as they supposed, a small camp, one mile or more from Leesburg. On reporting to Col. Diven, the latter, with about 300 men, pushed forward, by the direction of Gen. Stone, in the same locality, with orders to destroy the camp at daybreak and return.

Capt. Philbrick's company took an advanced position, while the remaining companies were concealed as a reserve in case of an attack on the advance. When about a mile and a half from the river and 500 yards in advance of Col. Divens' reserve, Capt. Philbrick, accompanied by Col. Diven, attacked and drove back a company of Mississippi riflemen, and then fell back on the reserve in the rear on the appearance of a body of rebel cavalry. In the skirmish Capt. Philbrick had difficulty in getting near enough to the enemy to render his smooth bore guns effective, whereas the others used long range rifles on our forces.

At daybreak, and at the same hour that Col. Diven's command left the shore to make an advance, Col. Lee, of the 20th Massachusetts, sent out one company of his regiment, which remained on shore to cover his return. Col. Diven maintained his ground, and was re-enforced during the night by three hundred more of his regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Wood. About 1 o'clock he was attacked by a considerable body of riflemen, who attempted to outflank him. Fearing they might be successful, and after resisting them for some time, Col. Diven slowly retired in perfect order to the river, where Col. Baker had arrived with a battalion of the Colonel's regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Wistar.

Col. Baker then took command, first complimenting Col. Diven for his successful resistance to a superior force, and giving his command, less than 600 men, right of the line of battle, the center and left wing being formed of about 300 of the Massachusetts 20th, under Col. Lee, and the California battlion of 500 men, under Lt. Wistar. Two mounted howitzers, commanded by Lieut. French, and one piece of a New York battery, commanded by Lieut. Brownhall, were in front of the center, just previous to the commencement of the action. The attack was made by the enemy on our right wing, but was soon directed more heavily to the center and left. For about two hours the battle raged terrifically, a complete shower of leaden hail pouring upon us. Three several times the left of the line made an advance, but was compelled to retire as often. The right was better protected and held their position. Orders came from Col. Baker to throw two companies of the Massachusetts 15th to the center, which was immediately executed. This produced an impression that the battle was going against us, yet no confusion or dismay was caused. The Lieutenant was hard pressed, but remained firm. About this time the news spread that Col. Baker was killed while in the act of pushing the cannon forward with his shoulder to the wheel. He was pierced with six balls. He was evidently the object of the enemy's sharpshooters. After this there was a cessation of fire for a few moments, during which Col. Coggswell, of the Tammany regiment, arrived with two companies, and being senior officer the command was devolved upon him. In a short time it became evident to Col. C. that the day was lost, and he thought it best to cut his way through to Edward's Ferry, where Gen. Gorman was in charge of throwing over re-enforcements by Gen. Stone, who was in sight of the battle-field at Edward's Ferry, directing the general movements.

An order was now issued to transfer the 14th Massachusetts from the right to the left, which was executed as calmly as battalion drill. Col. C. now became satisfied of the impossibility of reaching Edward's Ferry as desired, and gave the order to fall back towards the river, which was executed as well as circumstances would permit. They reached the river about twenty minutes before nightfall. Here the 15th deployed as skirmishers along the shore. The only means of conveyance to the Island was a large boat, carrying about 80 persons, which was overcrowded and swamped.

The troops remaining on shore made a desperate resistance, and it is believed that the enemy took comparatively few prisoners in consequence. Those who could swim plunged into the water, those carrying arms who could, and others throwing them into the river to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Some escaped by availing themselves of the darkness and heavily wooded banks, but several are known to have been drowned in the Potomac. The behavior of our troops before superior numbers of the enemy was marked as noble, brave and enduring.

Near the close of the action, and after the day was irretrievably lost, the two recently arrived companies of the Tammany regiment made a desperate charge on the enemy, but were met with a terrific fire.

The brave Lieut. Braunbill, of the 9th New York battery, lost one of his guns, and was himself wounded, but not fatally. The gallant Lieut. French, of the howitzer battery, fired with his own hands four shots. After the day was lost and his men scattered, he was shot in the left breast and ankle, but not mortally wounded. On reaching the Island, which he did by throwing his sword and revolver into the river and swimming across, Col. Diven at once posted thirty of his men, to prevent any attempt of the enemy at pursuit. Col. Diven received a slight contusion in the breast from a musket ball.

The following are the killed commissioned officers of the Massachusetts 15th regiment at the battle at Ball's Bluff:—Capt. Rockwood, Company A; Capt. Simonds, Company B; Capt. Bowman, Company C, probably; Capt. Studley, Company D; 2d Lieutenant Grant, do.; Lieut. Bassel, Company E; Capt. Gatchel, Company K. Wounded commissioned officers of the Massachusetts 15th:—Lieut.-Col. Ward, leg amputated; Capt. Sloan, Company F, slightly; Capt. Foreband, Company G; 1st Lieut. Molden, Company G; Capt. Philbrick, Company H, slightly. The Colonel of the Massachusetts 20th, and Col. Coggswell, of the Tammany regiment, are probably prisoners. Lieut.-Col. Weston, of the California regiment, is supposed to be mortally wounded.

As an instance of the weight and concentration of he enemy's fire, the clothing and equipments of Quartermaster Howe, of the 15th Massachusetts, bore the marks of four distinct rifle shots, one ball passing hrough the crown of his cap, and another flattening on the plate of his belt, yet he was uninjured. Most of the wounded have been conveyed to their respective encampment hospitals.

The enemy's force was very large and their position well selected from familiar knowledge of the country. There are no means at present of ascertaining their loss. Our artillery was served with accuracy and terrific effect.

It is proper to state, in connection with the foregoing, that Gen. Stone's order *to* Col. Baker was to advance his brigade, including the battery, to the support of Col. Diven, and to attack the enemy in force only in case of a knowledge of their superior numbers, and of his ability to defeat them, but under no circumstances to bring on a general engagement between the main forces.

The Battles on the Gulf.

As we stated upon the outside of the present issue, there have been many rumors about Federal defeats,—land and naval,—at Santa Rosa Island and upon the Mississippi, but as these came from rebel sources we were very much inclined to doubt their truthfulness. We gave the story, however, and now give the other side from authentic information. The latest received Southern journals seem to uphold the Federal account. The news was brought by the Government steamship McClellan, which arrived at New York on the 24th ult., from the South-west Pass, at the mouth of the Mississippi river, whence she sailed on the 14th inst., touching at Fort Pickens on the 15th and Key West on the 19th.

The Naval Fight at the Mouth of the Mississippi.—An attack was made on the night of the 12th inst. on the United States fleet, lying at anchor near the South-west Pass, by the rebel fleet, consisting of six gunboats, the battering-ram Manassas, and a large number of fire-ships, which filled the river from shore to shore. The United States fleet consisted of the U. S. steamers Richmond, Huntsville, Water Witch; sloops-of-war Preble and Vincennes, and store-ship Nightingale. The fleet when attacked were at anchor inside of the South-west Pass. The ram Manassas came down and drifted foul of the Richmond, knocking a hole in her quarter and stern, doing but little damage. To avoid the fire-ships the squadron immediately got under way and drifted down the river. The Richmond, Preble and Vincennes got ashore on the bar, (the Nightingale also went ashore,) and *while ashore were attacked by the rebels, but without doing any damage to the vessels* or life in any respect. But one shot took effect, and that struck the Richmond on the quarter. They were beaten off by the Vincennes with two guns, she having hove overboard the rest of her armament, with her chains, anchors, &c., to lighten her, as she was very much exposed to the rebel fire. The squadron has no one killed or wounded. The Richmond, Preble and Vincennes were towed off the next day by the steamship McClellan, which opportunely arrived. She received considerable damage to her stern frame in getting them off. The Nightingale remained ashore when the McClellan left, and would probably be got off the next day by the aid of the steamers connected with the fleet.

The Fight at Santa Rosa Island.—The fight occurred on the morning of October 9. The Zouave camp was situated on Santa Rosa Island, about one mile from Fort Pickens, and was so distributed as to command all the approaches to the Fort, and also to protect the batteries. The rebel forces, 1500 strong, embarked from the Pensacola Navy Yard in three large steamers, and landed on the island about four miles above the camp. It was about 2 A. M., and very dark; they rapidly formed in three columns, and proceeded silently towards the Zouave camp, hoping to effect a total surprise. In this they were but partially successful. The picket guard, stationed about six hundred yards from the camp, discovered and fired upon them; this gave the alarm, and saved the regiment from annihilation. The attack of the enemy's columns was simultaneous, and volley after volley was aimed upon the volunteers. They were forced to fall back, leaving their camp in the hands of the rebels, which they immediately commenced burning.

Fort Pickens was by this time thoroughly aroused, and three companies of regulars came to our assistance. It was now our turn. The rebels commenced retreating to their boats, closely followed by the regulars and a small number of volunteers, keeping up a destructive fire upon them, killing and wounding a large number. The rebels finally succeeded in reaching their boats, but were not permitted to depart so easily. Their steamers were about five hundred yards from the beach, and our men poured volleys into the crowded mass. Every bullet told, and by the shouts and utter confusion of the enemy it was clearly evident that we had obtained ample satisfaction for the insults to our flag.

The regular soldiers behaved nobly, and great credit is due to Captains Robertson and Hill, and Lieutenants Seely and Taylor for the admirable coolness they displayed in maneuvering their respective commands. The volunteers were badly managed, and Colonel Wilson is very much censured for the inefficiency and want of skill displayed in the action. He did not arrive at the scene of action until all was over. The camp of the sixth regiment was almost totally destroyed, officers and men losing everything. Major Newby had a narrow escape from capture. He was confined to his bed dangerously ill at the time of the attack, and having been assisted by his servants, was on the point of leaving his quarters when the rebels charged up to the door. One of his servants was instantly killed, and the other taken prisoner. The Major shot one of the rebels through the head, and then passing quickly out of the house, succeeded in mounting his horse and rode safely through the bullets showered upon him by the disappointed enemy, to whom a field officer would have been a great prize. The sixth regiment lost ten killed, sixteen wounded and nine prisoners. The regulars lost four killed, twenty wounded and ten prisoners. The rebels lost, by their own statement, three hundred and fifty killed, wounded and missing. We took thirty-five prisoners, including three doctors, who were released.

Dates from Pensacola have been received to the 16th ult.

A flag of truce was sent from Fort Pickens to Gen. Bragg on the 15th, stating that prisoners would be sent to New York on Sunday. Gen. Bragg sent a paymaster to pay off the men in full for the remainder of their term.

A correspondent of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Intelligencer*, in giving an account of the fight at Santa Rosa, says: I scarcely know whether we achieved a victory or defeat. A seige is momentarily expected to commence, and every preparation has been made. Perhaps it will happen as soon as the dead and wounded have been cared for, and the soldiers rested from fatigue.

Department of the West.

Kentucky.—Information from Camp Wildcat says Zollicoffer has retreated beyond Loudon, and is supposed to be falling back to Cumberland.

Forty-three mounted rebels, armed with United States muskets, revolvers and bowie knives, confessedly bound for the rebel army, were surrounded and taken by 24 Home Guards under Capt. Croddock and Major Buckner.

Illinois.—Col. Buford and Capt. Dresser, of Gen. McClernand's staff, accompanied by several other gentlemen, went from Cairo to Columbus, on the 24th ult., on the propeller Sampson, for the purpose of exchanging prisoners. The party were cordially received by Generals Polk and Pillow. Sixteen prisoners were released. The town is well fortified. A battery of eight 24-pounders was placed at the upper end of the town. The forts are being built a mile and a half above the town. No guns are yet mounted. The number of rebels at Columbus is not over ten thousand.

Missouri.—The following dispatch was forwarded to Headquarters at St. Louis, on the 22d ult:

On the Field of Battle, Fredericktown, Oct. 22.

In conjunction with Col. Plummer's command we have routed the rebels under Thompson and Lowe, estimated at five thousand. Their loss is heavy; ours is small, and confined principally to the first Indiana cavalry. We captured four heavy guns. Lowe the rebel leader is killed. Maj. Gavitt and Capt. Hyman of the Indiana cavalry were killed in a charge on a battery.

The command of Col. Plummer, referred to above, was on Friday morning last ordered forward by Gen. Grant, from Cape Girardeau, with instructions to move toward Fredericktown, and cut off the retreat of Thompson's and Lowe's column. This force consisted of Marsh's 18th Illinois regiment, a section of Taylor's Battery, and Stewart's and Lohrman's cavalry—all from Cairo; also a part of Ross's 31st Illinois, and a section of Campbell's Battery, all from Cape Girardeau. The force from this point was composed of the 38th Illinois, Col. Carlin; 33d Illinois, Col. Hovey; 21st Illinois, Col. Alexander; 8th Wisconsin, Col. Murphy; and 1st Indiana cavalry, Col. Baker; Capt. Hawkins' Independent Missouri cavalry, four 6-pounders and two 24-pound cannon under Maj. Schofield, of the Missouri Light Artillery.

Two rebel surgeons came into Fredericktown, for Col. Lowe's body. They acknowledge the loss of over 200 killed and wounded, but it must have been larger. Their cannon were badly managed.

The St. Louis *Republican*, from reliable parties who witnessed the fight at Fredericktown, gathered the following particulars:

Col. Calvin, with parts of the 21st, 33d and 38th Illinois Regiments, 8th Wisconsin, Col. Baker's Indiana cavalry and Maj. Scofield's battery, reached Fredericktown at 9 o'clock in the morning, and were joined by the 10th, 11th and 17th Illinois, and 400 cavalry from Cape Girardeau. They then advanced in pursuit of the rebels under Jeff. Thompson and Col. Lowe, who had left the place twenty-four hours before, and were reported to be rapidly retreating South; but about a mile from town they discovered the enemy's force drawn up in line of battle, partly in an adjacent wood, with four iron 18-pounders well planted in their front. Major Scofield immediately opened fire, and at the fourth round silenced one rebel gun. The engagement then became general, and lasted about two hours; but after the first half hour the rebels left the field in disorder and took to the woods, closely followed by both our infantry and cavalry. Before leaving the field, the rebel Col. Lowe was shot in the head and instantly killed. Maj. Garritt received five bullets while leading the charge thirty yards in advance of his men. Capt. Higmon was killed in the same charge.

By a dispatch to St. Louis on the 24th we learn that Col. Morgan, with 220 men of the 18th Missouri, and two pieces of artillery, had a fight with some 400 rebels in Big Hurricane creek, Carroll county, last Saturday, killing 14 and taking 8 prisoners, and putting the balance to flight. Morgan had 14 wounded, two mortally.

Col. Boyd, of the Missouri 24th, commandant at Pilot Knob, announces that the proclamation of Fermont, as modified by the President, declaring martial law, will be rigidly enforced in the counties of Jefferson, St. Francis, Washington and Ironton; and that all persons taken in arms against the Government of the United States, in an irregular warfare, or who may be found to have participated in any manner in burning or otherwise injuring railroad or other bridges, cutting telegraph wires or injuring public property, will be summarily shot; also, that the sympathisers with rebellion, who are constantly visiting stations on the Iron Mountain Railroad and giving information to the rebels, will hereafter be arrested and dealt with as spies.

Lieut. Kirby, with fifteen men of Major Wright's battalion, had another fight with 45 of the rebels near Linn Creek, on the 17th, killing five of them and wounding about a dozen. The result of Major Wright's march from Rolla to Linn Creek can be summed up as follows:—Three successful fights in which 68 rebels were killed, about the same number wounded, 87 prisoners taken, 123 guns, 15 horses, several yokes of oxen, wagons, and many other articles.

Col. Taylor, in command of the rebel forces at Springfield, recently issued a proclamation declaring that all Union men who had belonged to the Home Guard would be required to leave the country or go into the Southern army for the same length of time they had served in the Federal army, and requiring a pledge from the Union men now there for the exemplary conduct of their friends who are absent from home. The proclamation also prohibits the carrying of any more slaves South, as such a course is calculated to lessen the confidence of the people in the ability of the Southern army to sustain itself in Missouri.

A detachment of United States cavalry broke up the rebel camp at Buffalo Mills, ten miles from Cole Camp Creek, on Tuesday night, killing 17, wounding a large number, and taking 90 prisoners, and besides capturing a number of horses and 22 wagons.

A gentleman from Gen. Seigel's advanced post on the 25th reports that Gen. Price had left Cedar county, and was retreating towards Greenfield, Dade county. Gen. Seigel's advanced guard was near Bolivar on Sunday evening, and his main body at Quincy. Gen. Lane's forces were at Osceola, and Gen. Sturgis' entire command was one day's march behind Gen. Seigel's. He was about as far south as Gen. Price, but some twenty-five miles east, evidently aiming for Springfield, to cut off his retreat South, while Gen. Lane was only two days' march North of him. Gen. Fremont and Staff were at Pomme de Terre River, en route for Quincy. Gen. Pope was marching on Leesville, via Sedalia, and Gen. Asboth was at Warsaw. The bridge at Warsaw was completed and troops were to begin crossing on Wednesday. It is tressel work, and not pontoon. The general belief among the officers at Warsaw was that Gen. Price would not get away, but would be compelled to fight or surrender. Gen. Hunter's and McKinstry's divisions were moving toward Warsaw.

The following dispatches were received at St. Louis on the 26th ult:

Headquarters, near Hammondsville, }
Missouri, October 25, 1861. }

To Capt. McKeever, Assistant Adjutant-General:

Yesterday afternoon Major Seagoine, at the head of my guard, made a most brilliant charge on a body of the enemy, thrown up in a line of battle and their camp at Springfield, of 2,000 or 2,200 strong. He completely routed them, cleared them from the town and hoisted the National flag on the Court House, and retired upon a re-enforcement, which he has already joined. Our loss is not great. This successful charge against such very large odds, is a noble example to the army. Our advance will occupy Springfield to-night.

J. C. Fremont,
General Commanding.

Col. John M. Richardson, who rode over to the vicinity of Springfield, says Seagoine was guided to the town, from the Mt. Vernon road, by Judge Owens. The rebel camp was just outside of the city. Seagoine was compelled to pass through a lane and let down a number of fence rails before he could charge the foe, thus drawing their fire. There was a good deal of street fighting in Springfield, and from the houses of secessionists, who ran out of their dwellings and fired on the body guard, who were killed. Seagoine was advised of the force of the rebels, but he was determined to have a fight. Col. Price, said to be from Arkansas, commanded one of the rebel regiments. It is thought that the cause of the increased rebel force at Springfield was the large amount of plunder gathered there for some weeks, which it is stated they intended to take South with them, but which of course fell into our own hands. The loss of either side is not stated.

Department of the East.

The War Department is preparing an official list of our losses at the Leesburg battle. It will be published as soon as possible, but a great deal of difficulty is experienced in obtaining complete records of the killed, wounded, and missing.

The latest reports from Edward's Ferry state that all our forces which were engaged at Leesburgh are now on the Maryland side of the Potomac and in excellent condition. The check encountered at Leesburgh has not disheartened the Government in the least, but it is believed that some bad blunders were committed.

A letter from Edward's Ferry from an agent of the Sanitary Commission, says there are 175 wounded on our hands. Forty-seven dead were buried yesterday without permission of the rebels,—probably fifty were drowned in attempting to cross the river; probably four or five hundred are prisoners.

Capt. Young, of his regiment, says that there was no possibility of a retreat save by swimming the Potomac. The only flat boat by which they got over had been sunk. The disaster is attributable to the want of transportation.

The horses and mules of the army around Washington are on short allowance. It is not possible for the railroad to keep the forage depot supplied. Already a remedy is talked of for the threatening of a short supply of hay and oats, cheaper and more efficacious, if not more glorious, than arms can supply; the construction of a railroad from Washington to Nottingham, on the Pautuxet. Twenty miles of rails will be borrowed from some unused road, and the track be laid speedily.

A reconnoisance in force was made to-day from Gen. Smith's division, consisting of two companies of Colonel Freedman's cavalry, five companies of infantry, and two forces of artillery. The result was a capture of eight rebels, fully uniformed, beyond Vienna; and further information obtained of the position and force of the rebels in the neighborhood of Fairfax Court House.

Gen. McClellan returned to his headquarters on the 24th. From the best data obtained from Harrison's Island up to the evening of the 24th, the number of our killed is believed to have been 79; wounded, in our possession and in possession of the enemy, 141; missing, now prisoners in the hands of the enemy, and wandering in the woods on the shore of the river, not exceeding 400. Total loss in killed, wounded, and missing, 620. This will be reduced by men returning to camp, as they are constantly coming in. The officers and men behaved with the most extraordinary courage. They were pressed by an overwhelming force, but stood firm until their whole supply of ammunition was exhausted, and then retreated to the river, and threw their guns and swords into it to prevent the enemy from getting possession of them.

Col. Raymond Lee and staff were furnished with a skiff to make their escape. The Colonel gallantly refused, and gave orders to use it for conveying the wounded across the river. It was filled with wounded, who reached the Maryland shore in safety, and the humane and gallant officer taken prisoner. All credit is due to him. Col. Coggswell took command when Col. Baker fell, and behaved with the greatest coolness and gallantry. He also is a prisoner. Gen. McClellan returns with renewed confidence in the action and efficiency of his soldiers. The conduct of Col. Baker in his effort to rescue the Massachusetts regiment and other men under him, was heroic beyond description.

The Washington Star publishes the following official order, issued on the death of Col. Baker:

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, }
Washington, Oct. 22. }

General Order, No. 31.

The Major General Commanding, with sincere sorrow, announces to the Army of the Potomac the death of Col. Edward D. Baker, who fell gloriously in battle on the evening of Monday, October 21, near Leesburgh, Va. The gallant dead has many titles to honor. At the time of his death he was a member of the United States Senate for Oregon, and it is no injustice to say that one of the most eloquent speakers of that body has been silenced. The patriot, zealous for the honor and interests of his adopted country, has been distinguished in two wars, and has now sealed with his blood his devotion to the United States flag; cut off in the fullness of his powers as a statesman in course of a brilliant career as a soldier. While the country mourns his loss, his brothers in arms will lament while they envy his fate. He died as a soldier would wish to die, in the thick of battle; his voice and example animating his men to brave deeds. The remains of the deceased will be interred in this city with the honors due his rank, and funeral arrangements will be ordered by Brigadier General Silas Casey. As an appropriate mark of respect to the memory of deceased, the usual badge of military mourning will be worn for a period of thirty days, by the officers of the brigade under his command.

By command of Maj. Gen. McClellan.
A. S. Williams, Ass't Adj. General.

By telegraph from Fortress Monroe, October 24th, we learn that the weather has been most favorable for completing the enormous preparations for the great expedition. All the armed vessels and transports have now arrived, and Hampton Roads, especially at night, presents a magnificent appearance.

The Washington *Star* of the 22d says the expedition from Annapolis sailed yesterday. Among the troops composing the part of it that embarked are the following, viz:—1st brigade, Gen. Vaile commanding—N. H. 3d, on the Atlantic; New York 46th, on the Daniel Webster; New York 47th, on the Roanoke; New York 48th, on Empire City; Maine 8th, on the Ariel. 2d brigade, Gen. Stevens commanding—five companies of the Pennsylvania 50th, on the Ocean Queen; five companies of the Pennsylvania 50th, the Michigan 8th, and the New York 79th, on the Vanderbilt. 3d brigade, Gen. H. Wright commanding—New Hampshire 4th, on the Baltic; Connecticut 6th, on the Marion; Connecticut 7th, on the Illinois, and the Maine 9th on the Coatzacoalcos. The division and staff officers are on the Atlantic.

In addition to these troops, the *Star* learns that quite as many more will join the expedition at Old Point, having been quietly shipped at New York, Boston, and elsewhere.

The Secretary of the Navy received the following letter from Commodore Goldsborough, dated

Ship Minnesota, Hampton Roads, Oct. 21, 1861.

Sir:—By the Vanderbilt, which arrived here last night, I am informed by Captain Marston, of the ship Roanoke, that the British ship Thomas Watson, one of those to which you called my attention some time since, was burned to the water's edge, while lying, on the 15th inst., aground on Stony Reef, by our blockading squadron off Charleston. It was attempting to get into Charleston despite the blockade and pursuit of six of our cruisers, so that she ran on this reef.

The brig Granada, Capt. Pettengill, from Nevitas, for New York, was captured on the 13th ult. in latitude 33 deg., longitude 81 deg., at midnight, by the privateer Sally, of Charleston. The captain, second mate, and the seamen, were taken aboard the privateer, and on the 15th transferred to the British schooner Grayhound. Butterfield, her first mate, was detained aboard the brig to navigate her into Charleston or Savannah. The cook and a white man and one seaman volunteered aboard the pirate. The Grenada had a cargo of 400 hogsheads of molasses, and a quantity of cedar. The Sally was formerly the schooner Virginia of Brookhaven, 140 tuns, and had a crew of 40 men, commanded by Capt. Libby, formerly of the ship Grinbar. When last seen she was steering eastward. She had one gun amidship. She ran the blockade from Charleston on the 10th.

The United States steamer Keystone State, Captain Scott, with prize Salvador in tow, arrived at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, on the 25th ult. When off Hatteras on Monday evening, she encountered a severe gale, lasting till Tuesday, during which she separated from her prize in charge of Lieut. Donaldson, the prize drifting to westward and the steamer eastward, separating them 175 miles, before the steamer could go in search of her; but when found, she was steering in direct course. The Keystone State left Philadelphia on the 19th of July, and has traveled 15,000 miles in search of the Sumter. She arrived at Port au Spain two days after the steamer left. The last place she heard of the pirate was at Surinam, where she was from August 19th to September 1st. The Keystone State arrived there on the 19th of September; on Saturday, spoke the steamer Flag, off Charleston, all well. The cargo of the Salvador consisted of 600 pistols, 500,000 percussion caps, 600 dozen hats, 8 cases shoes, 400,000 cigars, and 400 bags coffee.

The following is from the correspondence of the Philadelphia Exchange:

The steamer Flag was off Charleston on the 10th, and saw a ship standing in, intending to run the blockade. We pursued her, and she was run ashore, and all hands escaped before overtaking her. We boarded her and found her to be the Thomas Watson, (formerly of Philadelphia, but now owned in Charleston,) from Liverpool, and laden with salt, flannels and blankets. The latter articles were taken out and the ship fired, and was nearly consumed when the Unadilla sailed. All well on the Flag.

Lieut. Gen. Scott on the 27th received the following dispatch, dated Romney, Va., Oct. 26, P. M.:

In obedience to your orders, I moved on this place at 12 o'clock last night, engaged the enemy at three o'clock, and drove in their outposts, and after a brilliant action of two hours, completely routed them, taking all of their cannon and much of their camp equipage, and many prisoners. Our loss is trifling, but cannot yet say to what extent.

Brig. Gen. B. F. Kelly,
General commanding.

So far as can be ascertained, all is quiet on the entire line of the Potomac to-day.

The report from Capt. Alden, of the steamer South Carolina, reports the capture of the schooner Eselda, commanded by ex-officer of the Sumter, William Anderson Hicks, and the schooner Joseph H. Tone. The vessels contained from 4,000 to 5,000 guns, many of them only flint locks, and some entirely useless.

Affairs in Washington.

The following important dispatch from our Minister to Portugal, in reference to the admission of American grain into that kingdom, was received by the last steamer:

Legation of the United States, }
Lisbon, Sept. 26, 1861. }

Sir: I have the honor to inclose herewith a translation of two acts passed at the recent session of the Cortes, which the King has approved and caused to be published, that are of some interest to the people of the United States. The law in regard to the admission of cereals was modified after my dispatch was written, and does not include flour, but, as will be seen, is confined to wheat, rye, barley, and oats, in grain. As the requisite information has not yet been obtained from the civil Governors of Provinces, in regard to the extent of injury to crops, the necessary order for opening the ports is still reserved by the King. Little doubt is entertained, however, that it will be issued.

Private letters from well-informed sources speak with positiveness of the shortness of cereal crops in England, Belgium, Holland, Spain and Italy, and all answers to inquiries made here, concur in representing that Portugal will suffer correspondingly, and perhaps in even larger ratio than others. The Cortes has for several years successively authorized Government to admit cereals as a precautionary measure, and it has generally been exercised to a greater or less extent. Grain crops appear to be touched with the disease, or something like it, which has so seriously injured the vine.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Jas. E. Harvey.

To Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

Don Pedro, by the grace of God, King of Portugal and the Algerines, unto all our subjects, that General Cortes has decreed, and we sanction, the following:

Art. 1. The Government is authorized to draw importations of foreign cereals in wheat, rye, barley, oats in grain, baked bread, wheat or rye, through inland and maritime ports of King Don Pedro, up to the end of the month of April next, to wit: All cereals thus admitted are only to pay same duties as are charged on home cereals, when dispatched for consumption.

Art. 2. Before making any use of present authorization, the Government must consult civil Governors of Kingdoms, and likewise Consul-General of Commerce, Agriculture and Manufactures, as well as Consuls of Districts.

Art. 3. After the time designated by the present law, such cereals will still be admitted, regarding which proof shall be given before the Government and competent fiscal department, that they left direct the port of their shipment for those of this Kingdom in sufficient time to have arrived here within the specified date, in case of a regular voyage.

Art. 4. The Government will give an account to the Cortes of the use made of the authorization conceded by the present law.

Art. 5. All legislation to the contrary is hereby revoked.

We therefore ordain that all authorities to whom a knowledge and execution of these presents do pertain, comply with and observe the same, and cause the same to be complied with as therein mentioned. Let Counsellors of State, Ministers and Secretaries of State for Finance and for Public Works, Commerce and Industry, cause these presents to be printed, published and distributed.

Given at the Palace of Necessidades, Sept. 11, 1861. King, with royal sign.

A dispatch was received on the 23d, from Gen. Rosencrans, dated Camp Tompkins, near Gauley Bridge, where he has been encamped for some time. He reports everything quiet. The rebels, it appears, are falling back from their position; and from the best information which can be obtained of their movements, they are concentrating in large force below to co-operate with Gen. Johnston, who has separated from Gen. Beauregard.

Hon. D. Davis, of Illinois, and Hon. Joseph Holt, late Secretary of War, have been appointed by the President on the Commission to examine and audit the claims against the Government contracted in Gen. Fremont's Department. This Commission are to meet at St. Louis and enter upon their duties as soon as practicable.

The Secretary of War has directed the promotion of twenty Sergeants, on account of meritorious service, to the position of Second Lieutenants. Among them was William Griffin, who served twenty years with the heroic Lyon, having shared the dangers of every battle in Missouri, and earned and deserved promotion for his courage and soldierly conduct. The only favor the lamented Lyon ever asked of the Government was this promotion.

Cassius M. Clay, our Minister to Russia, has intimated to the Government that in view of the threatening attitude of the rebels, he would prefer to surrender his present commission as Representative to Russia and enter the army in active defense of the Government. The Cabinet have the subject under consideration, and Kentuckians here are anxious for the return of the gallant Cassius.

It is well understood here that reports of intended interference in our blockade by European powers, are for the most part inventions of cotton speculators, or those who wish to engage in the same business.

An order from Adjutant-General Thomas details General Lander to command troops to be raised in Baltimore and Cumberland, and intermediate points, to guard working parties on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the company having represented to the Government that they are willing to repair the road at their own cost, and without any further claim on the Government. To facilitate this order, a new military department is created, called the Department of Harper's Ferry and Cumberland. The same order creates the Department of New York, under Major-General Morgan—headquarters at Albany. The order also says:—To guard against accidents such as have in several instances caused serious injury, it is hereby ordered that troops transported by railroad through disaffected parts of the country, shall march on foot over bridges where the possibility exists of the cars breaking through. To this end there will be an agreement in the contract that the trains shall be stopped to permit the troops to alight before crossing the bridge.

The Government have been informed that the British Government have agents all along the coast, buying all the ship timber that can be found in these localities. The Administration have taken the proper steps, through Collectors, to ascertain facts in the matter, and if it should prove true, to stop it at once.

Since Friday, when the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph was opened, the President has received a number of dispatches over that line. These embrace, first, the announcement from the President of the Overland Telegraph Company, and expressing the hope that it may be the bond of perpetuity between the States of the Atlantic and of the Pacific.

Gov. Downie, of California, expresses in the name of the people of that State, their congratulations upon the completion of the noble enterprise that places them in immediate communication with the capital and with their fellow citizens in the East. May the golden links in the Constitution ever unite us, a happy land and a free people.

The President and Secretary of the California Pioneers, the oldest organization on the Pacific coast, send greeting to the President of the United States, as a Society loyal, as a State loyal. They pray God to save, one and inseparable, our glorious Union.

Pell and Stanford send from Sacramento the following:

To-day California is but a second's distance from the National Capital. Her patriotism, with electric current, throbs responsive to that of her sister States, and holds civil liberty above all price.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance sends the following:

To the President of the United States, greeting: Liberty, Union, Temperance—one and inseparable forever. By order. John Wade, G. W. P.

The Mayor of Stockton transmits as follows:

Stockton sends greeting to your Excellency, with the assurance that she is true to the Constitution and the Union, and favors the thorough crushing out of the rebellion.

Governor Nye, in behalf of the Territory of Nevada, says:

Mountain-bound Nevada avails herself of the earliest opportunity to send, upon the wings of lightning, to the National home, the assurance of her filial attachment to the Union as framed by our fathers, and her earnest sympathies with those who are trying to maintain it.

The following is dated Capital, Carson Valley, Nevada, through her first Legislative Assembly:

To the President and People of the United States, greeting: Nevada for the Union, ever true and loyal; the last born, will be the last to desert our flag. Our aid, to the extent of our ability, can be relied upon to crush rebellion. J. L. Van Bakeland.

The News Condenser.

— New Bedford, Mass., has furnished 1,300 recruits for the navy.

— The death of the Emperor of China is reported by the Ætna.

— Sixteen car loads of arms lately left Indianapolis for Kentucky.

— There are now 122 rebel prisoners confined in Fort Lafayette.

— There are now in England 292 Unitarian churches and 325 ministers.

— Miss Florence Nightingale is so seriously ill that her life is dispaired of.

— Gen. George Milton was inaugurated Governor of Florida on the 7th ult.

— Fifty-five millions of the new postage stamps have already been issued.

— It is said that the force with which Fremont is moving against Price is 40,000.

— It is computed that it will take $8,000,000 to pay off our troops up to October 31st.

— Rev. John Pierpont, Chaplain of Gen. Wilson's (Mass.) regiment, is over 75 years old.

— The assessed valuation of the real estate in Philadelphia, for the year 1861, is $152,634,600.

— During the past summer, the Governors of all the free States have been in Washington.

— It is denied that Gen. Shields has declined the position of Brigadier-General tendered him.

— Oneida county has sent 2,730 men—one more than her quota in the full number of 100,000.

— A "devoted" wife in Ohio cut one of her husband's fingers off to prevent his enlistment.

— Rev. Mr. Gordon and his wife have been murdered by the natives of Erromanga, Australia.

— The Ætna Fire Insurance Company of Hartford have invested $380,000 in the national loan.

— James G. Clark, the popular singer and poet, has enlisted in the Jefferson county (35th) regiment.

— Pennsylvania has enrolled her full quota to make up the half million of men called for by Congress.

— There will be manufactured in Ottawa Co., Ill., the present year, 2,250 barrels of Sorghum molasses.

— The East Saginaw (Mich.) Salt Manufacturing Company are now turning out nine hundred barrels of salt a week.

— George Howard, the oldest merchant in the State of Kentucky, died of old age at Mount Sterling, on the 12th ult.

— The Halifax (N. S.) papers announce that a lump of gold has been recently taken from the mines of that region, worth $500.

— Thomas Wildey, of Baltimore, founder of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, died in that city on Saturday week.

— A brilliant meteor was observed near Troy, N. Y., on Thursday evening week. It had a luminous tail of a bluish color.

— The first wheat ever brought from the Lake Superior country arrived at Detroit on Saturday week, in the steamer Illinois.

— The subscriptions collected for a German fleet, in the principal towns of Prussia, already amount to upward of $75,000.

— On Wednesday week, $96,000 worth of ingot copper was shipped for the East from Detroit over the Grand Trunk Railway.

— European gossipers tell a story of sad disagreements between the princess royal of England and her Prussian husband.

— We have news of the loss of a Russian line-of-battle-ship on the coast of Japan, with 800 men on board, all of whom perished.

— The town of Richmond, R. I., gives each unmarried man $36, and each married man $60, who enlists in the army from that town.

— There are eight or ten thousand bales of cotton at Memphis, Tenn., awaiting confiscation on the arrival of the Union forces.

— Dunbarton, New Hampshire, has within its limits no lawyer, no physician, no store, no tavern, and not a solitary town pauper.

— Spain is a customer at present in the Birmingham (Eng.) market for 12,000 tuns of railway iron, 50 locomotives, and 600 carriages.

— The official census of Canada is published. The upper province has 1,395,222 inhabitants, and the lower 1,103,666—total 2,498,888.

— Up to the 30th of September, the gross receipts of the New York State canals were nearly a million dollars in excess of those in 1860.

— Manorale F., widow of Col. John W. Lowe, 12th Ohio regiment, killed at Carnifex Ferry, has been granted a pension of $40 per month.

— Large flocks of wild ducks are visiting New York harbor and bay at present, and they are sometimes shot from the decks of steamers.

— The Montreal Pilot states that a gentleman has reached the U. S. to relieve Dr. Russell, the special correspondent of the London Times.

— Eight citizens of Hartford Co., Md., have been indicted by the grand jury for treason. Each of them gave bail in the sum of $40,000.

— It is rumored that the Federal Government has purchased every propeller on the Hudson river, with the exception of the Erastus Corning.

— Missouri is one of the largest States in the Union. It contains 67,380 square miles of territory, or 43,123,200 acres, and has 107 counties.

— The schooners Ocean Wave, Harriet Ryan, and Mecca, have been brought as prizes from Hatteras Inlet to the Navy Yard at Philadelphia.

— A letter from Hong Kong to the New York Board of Underwriters states that a privateer has made its appearance in the Chinese waters.

— A black bear, weighing 200 pounds, was captured in a trap, at Mt. Prospect, last week. Bears are very abundant in New Hampshire this fall.

— The amount of money thus far expended by the City Councils of Philadelphia, for the relief of families of absent volunteers, is $180,803.46.

— Some English journals manifest their sympathy for the U. S. by nick-naming our Fast day religious exercises "Lincoln's humiliation services."

— Boston harbor is being placed in a state of defence. One hundred and twenty guns are being mounted at Forts Warren, Winthrop, and Independence.

— The Richmond Examiner states that the freedom with which the Confederate Treasury Notes are counterfeited has almost stopped their circulation.

— Upward of 10,000 men, mechanics, laborers, &c., are now employed at the Brooklyn, Charlestown, Philadelphia, Washington, and Portsmouth Navy Yards.

— Thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight horses have been purchased by the Government in Cincinnati since the breaking out of the rebellion.

— There were 8 school teachers among the 43 men recruited at Orland, Me., for the cavalry regiment. Maine has teachers enough in the army to form a regiment.

— Isaac V. Fowler, the defaulting Postmaster of New York, is employed in Barron, Forbes & Co.'s cotton mill, at Tepic, Mexico, at a salary of $2,500 per annum.

— The Rev. Daniel Waldo entered upon his 100th year on the 11th ult. He still preaches, going through with two and sometimes three services on the Sabbath.

— A boat load of rice from Canada, by the Champlain canal, reached tide-water last week. It was a novel cargo, being the first load of rice ever carried on the canal.

— Gen. Totten, Chief of the Engineer corps, is making an examination of our works along the Canada border, particularly at Rouse's Point, on Lake Champlain.

The Publisher to the Public.

☞ UNPAID PREMIUMS.—A few persons are yet entitled to Premiums for obtaining subscribers to the present volume—mainly those who have not called for or ordered them. Such persons, who have the choice of different articles offered, will please make their selections, and give directions as to forwarding, as we wish to dispose of the matter. If any mistakes or omissions have been made in sending premiums ordered, the parties interested are informed that we will endeavor to make all satisfactory on learning the facts.

☞ THE TRIAL QUARTER.—The rush of Trial Subscribers has been so great that our edition of some of the October numbers is exhausted, so that we can no longer furnish the complete quarter. We will, however, send the RURAL from 1st Nov. to Jan'y (9 papers) and 4 back numbers (making 13 papers in all) for 20 cents. ☞ Our aim is to have all trial subscriptions end with the year, as it would cause much extra labor and trouble to extend them into the new volume.

☞ OUR INDUCEMENTS for obtaining subscribers to the Thirteenth Volume of the RURAL, for 1862, are of the most Liberal and Substantial character. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, &c., sent free to all disposed to act as agents.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated

☞ AS POSTAGE STAMPS of the old emission are worthless here, RURAL friends will please remit those of the new issue in future. Demand U. S. Treasury Notes preferred to any Bank Notes except those of our own and the New England States.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to secure compliance with their requests.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ THE DOCUMENTS FREE.—Specimen numbers of this volume will be sent free to all applicants. We shall take pleasure in also sending, free and post-paid, our large Show-Bill for 1861 (beautifully colored by hand,) Prospectus, &c., to any and all persons disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Reader, please send us the addresses of such of your friends, near or distant, as you think would be likely to subscribe or act as agents, and we will forward the documents accordingly.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber or reader is requested to act in behalf of the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ TO CLERGYMEN.—In answer to inquiries we would state that the RURAL is sent to Clergymen at the lowest club rate ($1.25 per year.) The Clergy are among the warmest friends of the paper. Many are kindly using their influence in its behalf, and very successful in their efforts to increase its circulation.

Special Notices.

HEREFORD CATTLE AT AUCTION.

M. C. REMINGTON, of Sennet, Cayuga Co., N. Y., will sell at Auction on Wednesday, November 13th, at 9 o'clock A. M., his *superior herd of Hereford Cattle*, consisting of Cows, Bulls and Heifers. A number of these are prize animals.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, October 29, 1861.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—Although an advance has been made in the Eastern markets, we are unable, hereabouts, to change prices, because of the increased rates imposed by transportation lines on freight. It is next to impossible to obtain boats here, as captains prefer going to Buffalo and obtaining full loads through to New York. Buffalo is full of flour and grain, with little prospect of a diminution at present. On Friday and Saturday last, 15,390 barrels of flour; 638,826 bushels of wheat; 405,426 bushels of Corn arrived at that port.

DAIRY, &c.—There are a few changes in minor matters,—Butter, Cheese, Eggs, etc.,—which may be observed by reference to our table of quotations.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, winter wheat	$5.25@6.50
Flour, spring do.	5.00@5.25
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00
Meal, Indian	1.00@1.00
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.25
Best white Canada	1.25@1.28
Corn, old	00@40c
Corn, new	00@40c
Rye, 60 lbs. ₩ bush.	45@50c
Oats, by weight	25@25c
Barley	45@50c
Buckwheat	40@40c.
Beans	1.25@1.50
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$15.00@15.50
Pork, clear	16.00@17.00
Pork, cwt	4.50@5.00
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.00
Spring lambs, each	1.25@1.75
Mutton, carcass	4@4c
Hams, smoked	9@10c
Shoulders	5@6c
Chickens	8@9c
Turkeys	10@11c
Geese	40@50c
Ducks ₩ pair	38@44c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	12½@13c
Butter, firkin	10@11c
Cheese	6@7½c
Lard, tried	8½@9c
Tallow, rough	5@5c
Tallow, tried	7@7½c

Eggs, dozen	13@14c
Honey, box	10@11c
Candles, box	10@10½c
Candles, extra	12@12c
FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	25@38c
Apples, dried ₩ lb.	5@5½c
Peaches, do.	12@12c
Cherries, do.	12@12c
Plums, do.	00@10c
Potatoes	30@38c
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	5@5c
Calf	6@7c
Sheep Pelts	75c@$1.25
Lamb Pelts	50c@$1
SEEDS.	
Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Timothy	2.00@2.50
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Coal, Scranton	5.50@5.50
Coal, Pittston	5.50@5.50
Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Coal, Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	1.38@1.42
Hay, tun	7.00@11.00
Straw, tun	5.00@6.00
Wool, ₩ lb	35@44c
Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.00
Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
Trout, half bbl	3.00@3.25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 28.—FLOUR—Market may be quoted 5@10c better, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. The export demand is chiefly for England, the French accounts by the Africa being less favorable. Sales at $5,10@5,40 for rejected; $5,40@5,45 for superfine State; $5,65@5,70 for extra do; $5,40@5,45 for superfine Western; $5,65@5,85 for common to medium extra do, $5,85@5,93 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $6,05@6,80 for trade brands do,—and some parcels of choice extra State sold at $6-75, market closing firm. Canadian flour is a shade firmer, with a moderate business doing. Sales at $5,45@5,45 for superfine, and $5,65@6,75 for common to choice extra. Rye flour steady, with only small sales at $3,00@4,00 for inferior to choice.—Corn meal quiet and without any material change in prices. Sales trifling at $2,75@3,00 for Western; $2,80@2,90 for Jersey, and $3,30 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—Wheat market may be quoted 1@2c better, with a very fair export demand, chiefly for England, and a moderate business doing for home consumption. Sales Chicago spring at $1,18@1,22; Racine spring at $1,22@1,23; Milwaukee club at $1,22@1,25; amber Iowa at $1,26, red State at $1,30@1,33; winter red Western at $1,32@1,35; inferior do. at $1,29; amber Michigan at $1,36; white Western at $1,40@1,46; white Kentucky at $1,40@1,48, and white Canada at $1,37@1,38. Rye continues firm, with sales at 75@79c. as in quality. Barley rules steady and quiet, with sales at 60c for State, and 70@72c for Canada. Barley malt continues dull and nominal at 78c. Peas dull and nominal at 80c for Canadian. Corn market firm, and prices may be quoted 1@2c better, with a good business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 58c for inferior to common mixed Western; 59@60½c for good to prime shipping do.; 61c for choice do.; 61@62c for yellow Western, and 66@67c for white Western. Oats steady and in moderate demand; sales at 40@41c for Canadian, and 41@42c. for Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull but steady; sales at $15,25@15,75 for mess; and $9,75@10,00 for prime. Beef rules dull; sales at $4@4,50 for country prime; $5,00@5,50 for country mess; $9,00@11,25 for re-packed mess; and $12,75@13,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef is dull and nominally unchanged at $17@18. Beef hams steady; small sales new at $16@17.—Cut meats quiet and steady; sales at 5@5½c for Shoulders, and 5@6c for Hams. Smoked meats are scarce and very quiet. Bacon firm and in demand at 6¾c for dry salted sides, and 7c for smoked do. Lard in moderate request and prices are steady; sales at 8½@9½c. for No. 1 to choice Western. Butter selling at 8@12 cents for Ohio, and 12@17 cents for State. Cheese is steady and selling at 5@7 cents for good to choice.

SEEDS—Clover and Timothy Seeds both inactive; prices without change. Clover, ₩ lb, 8@9c; Timothy, ₩ bu., $1,75@2.

HOPS—The market is very dull, and prices are irregular; very choice and fancy lots suitable for export are scarce and bring full prices, but other grades are not much inquired for—the sales reach about 250 bales at 12@18c, for ordinary to good first sort; small lots of very prime bring somewhat higher prices, and are quoted in some instances as high as 20@23c. In old growths there have been sales of 150 bales 1860's at previous rates. About 1,000 bales of Hops are being shipped to London, being the parcels previously referred to as going forward.

ASHES—Pot is steady at the late advance, and Pearl are again a little higher, with sales 50 bbls. Pot at $5,25@5,31¼, and 50 do. Pearl, at $5,31¼.

ALBANY, OCT. 28.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened quiet but firm for Flour, but as the morning advanced the demand increased, and at noon a good business was doing at the current closing prices of Saturday.

Common to good State	$5,20@5,25
Fancy and extra State	5,40@5,55
Common to good Western	5,30@5,50
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5,60@5,75
Extra Ohio	6,00@6,75
Common Canadian	5,20@5,50
Extra Canadian	5,75@7,00
Fancy Genesee	5,50@6,00
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,00@7,25

Corn Meal has further improved 6c. ₩ 100 lbs, with a fair business doing at $1,19@1,31.

GRAIN—There is an improved milling demand for wheat at full prices for red and a slight advance on white; sales, in car lots, at $1,15 for mixed State; $1,22@1,26 for red winter do; $1,30 for amber Michigan, and $1,42@1,43 for white do. Corn is firmer, and in fair request for the East and home consumption; sales mixed Western at 55c. Rye steady at 72@73c. In Barley but little transpired, and the sales show no important change in the market; sales Canada East at 65c, and Toronto at 69c. At the close there was a fair supply on the market, with but few buyers. Oats dull, with a large supply offering at lower prices. A car load of State was sold early in the morning at 40c. delivered, but at the close there were no buyers and free sellers at 39 cts.

FEED—A steady market, with sales 10 tuns 17 lb feed at 82½c, and 10 tuns 28 lb do, at 66c.

BUFFALO, OCT. 28.—FLOUR—Steady demand; sales of Illinois and Wisconsin extra at $4,75@5,00; extra Indiana and Ohio at $5,12½@5,50; double extra do at $5@5,75.

GRAIN—Wheat more active; sales Chicago spring at 95@97c; Milwaukee club at $1,00; red winter at $1,07@1,08; white Canada at $1,20; cleaned red Toledo at $1,08@1,12½. Corn, market a shade firmer; sales at 40@41c. No transactions reported in other grains.

SEEDS—Market quiet and nominal at $1,75@2 for timothy.

TORONTO, OCT. 26.—FLOUR—There has been a moderate inquiry for fresh No. 1, and sales of round lots have been made early in the week at $4,71@4,80. To-day, however, these figures could not be reached, and the outside price would be $4,70. The stocks are extremely light, and very little yet comes from millers. The higher grades still continue neglected, and are nominal at quotations:

Superior extra	$5,50@5,75
Fancy	4,90@5,00
Extra	5,15@5,25
Double extra	5,75@6,00
No. 1	4,70@4,75
No. 2	4,00@4,25

GRAIN—The receipts of Fall Wheat for the week have been moderate, not exceeding 2,500 bushels daily. The demand for the better qualities has been active, and prices have been pretty steady, at $1,08@1,10 for good to prime samples, and for the best $1,12@1,15 have been paid. Common and ordinary samples bring 98c@$1,03. Spring Wheat has been in very limited supply from farmers' teams, though the receipts by rail have come forward freely. The demand has been steady, and prices have been very regular at 92@93c, and in some instances 95c. The scarcity of freight has had the effect of limiting wholesale transactions, and few sales of any amount have been reported, though one or two cargoes of good quality have changed hands at 96@98c f. o. b. Barley has decreased in quantity, and prices still rule low. We quote 40@44c as the price paid. Oats are in demand in the absence of receipts; 28@29c are the prices realized. Peas offer in very limited quantity, and are quiet at 50@52c.

HOGS—A few loads of hogs offer now and again in the market, but in the absence of demand, prices fluctuate according to weight. For 200 lbs. and over, $4@4,50; under 200 lbs, $3@3,75.

Others articles are quoted as follows:

Beef,—No. 1st and 2nd class ₩ 100 lbs	$3.00@4.50
" inferior	3.00@0.00
Calves, each	3.00@5.00
Sheep	3.00@4.00
Lambs	1.75@3.00
Bacon dull	5.50@6.00
Hams	8@ 9
Butter, Fresh ₩ lb	16@ 18
" Tub No. 1, dairy	12@ 13
" " No. 2, store	8@ 9
Cheese	8@ 9
Eggs, ₩ dozen	14@ 16
Chickens ₩ pair	25@ 30
Ducks	30@ 35
Turkeys, each	50@ 75
Geese, each	30@ 35
Potatoes, per bushel	25@ 30
Apples, ₩ barrel	$2.00@3.00
Sheepskins	50@ 80
Hides, ₩ lb	00@ 4
Calfskins	00@ 8
Hay	10.00@15.00
Straw	8.00@9.00

—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 23.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ₩ cwt	$8.25@9.00
Ordinary quality	7.50@8.00
Common quality	7.00@7.50
Inferior quality	5.50@6.50
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$45.00@50.00
Ordinary quality	40.00@45.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	22.00@28.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ₩ lb	5½@6 c
Ordinary quality	4½@5¼c
Common quality	4¼@4½c
Inferior quality	4 @4¼c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ₩ head	$4.25@4.50
Ordinary quality	3.25@4.00
Common quality	2.75@3.25
Inferior quality	2.12@2.50
SWINE.	
First quality, ₩ lb	4¼@4½c
Other qualities	3½@3¾c

ALBANY, OCT. 28.—BEEVES—At the opening of the market everything was promising enough—the average quality of the cattle was better than last week, and there were plenty of buyers here from New York and the East. But the prospect is anything but promising now. Train after train came in, until 233 car loads had arrived, bringing down nearly 4,100 beeves, which, with those driven in on foot, gave a total in the yards of 4,235.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Cattle	4,048	2,992	4,067
Sheep	8,640	6,780	4,400
Hogs	210	160	81

PRICES—The market closes extremely dull at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	4½@4¾c	0 @0 c
Extra	4 @4¼c	4 @4¼c
First quality	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Second quality	3¼@3½c	3¼@3½c
Third quality	2½@2¾c	2½@3 c

SHEEP—The receipts are unexpectedly heavy, but as the weather is comparatively favorable for slaughtering, the demand is good; sales during the week were about 5,600 head.

HOGS—The supply is greater than the demand, and the market is not so firm as it was last Wednesday.—*Atlas & Argus.*

BRIGHTON, OCT. 24.—At market 1200 Beeves, 4500 Stores, 4,100 Sheep and Lambs, and 800 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25; first quality, $6.00; second do, $5,50@5.50; third do, $4,75@5,00.

MILCH COWS—$41@47; common, $20@21.

WORKING OXEN—None.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@5,00.

YEARLINGS—$7@8; two years old, $11@13; three years old, $14@17 each.

HIDES—6½@8c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—7@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.25@1,50; extra and selections, $2.00@$4.50.

PELTS—75c.@$1.00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 4@4½c; retail, 5½c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c; still fed, none; corn fed, 6@7c; spring pigs, 5½@5¾

CAMBRIDGE, OCT. 23.—At market 1,582 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 582 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $5.75@6.00; first quality, $5.25@5.50; second do, $5.00; third do, $3.75@4.00.

WORKING OXEN—$80, $90@120.

COWS AND CALVES—$20, 35@50.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@8; Two years old, $11@14; Three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—5,097 at market. Prices in lots at $1.75@2.50 each; extra and selections $2.75@4.50.

Spring Lambs—None.

HIDES—6@6½c ₩ lb. Tallow, 5@6½c.

PELTS—75c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$0@0.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 24.—The speculative demand has been less this week than last—dealers, however, continue busy.—There is more desire to meet the views of buyers, as large importations are looked for; prices, nevertheless, are supported. We notice sales of about 650 bales California, of the regular marks, including 50 bales of pulled, at prices ranging from 16 to 35 cents, chiefly cash; 116 do. 35c, cash and 6 mos.; 437 do. to arrive, as it runs, with all faults except sea damage, 27c; 75,000 lbs fleeces of medium grade, 48c; 20,000 lbs super pulled, 47@48c; 50 bales unwashed Entre Rios, 14½c, 4 months; 200 do, or more, Mediterranean, to arrive, and some South American, to arrive, at very full if not advanced rates.

American Saxony Fleece ₩ lb	45@48
American full-blood Merino	44@43
American half and three-quarter blood Merino	40@44
Native and one-fourth Merino	38@42
Extra, Pulled	38@40
Superfine, Pulled	36@40
No. 1, Pulled	32@34
Lamb's, Pulled	30@35
California, fine, unwashed	27@32
California, common do.	13@20
Peruvian, washed	—@—
Valparaiso, unwashed	12@15
South American Merino, unwashed	21@23
Do. do. Mestiza, do.	16@20
Do. do. common, washed	14@17
Do. do. Entre Rios, do.	15@17
Do. do. Entre Rios, unwashed	9@12
Do. do. Cordova, washed	21@25
Cape Good Hope, unwashed	23@27
East India, washed	12@25
African, washed	20@30
Do. unwashed	16@20
Smyrna, do.	17@18
Do. washed	20@26
Mexican, unwashed	12@14

ALBANY, OCT. 24.—The stock of Wool in this market now is estimated at 500,000 lbs, the greater bulk of which is fleece and in the hands of one dealer. The market rules very firm for both sorts, and the sales during the week will not exceed 35,000 lbs. mixed fleece at 42@50c. The stock of pulled is very light. Perhaps it is worthy of note to state that a portion of the recent sales have been at an advance of nearly if not quite 100 ₩ cent. on the original cost prices in the country.—*Journal.*

BOSTON, OCT. 24.—The market is very firm for Wool, and both foreign and domestic continues in demand and sells at full prices.

Saxony Fleece	48@49
Full blood Merino	47@48
Three-fourth do	46@47
Half do	46@47
Common	42@46
Western mixed	38@45
Pulled Extra	50@53
Do. Superfine	45@50

Pulled No. 1	45@46
Do. No. 2	00@00
Texas	10@35
Smyrna, washed	18@30
Do. unwashed	10@18
Buenos Ayres	10@40
Crimea	9@20
Canada	30@40

Married.

AT Junius, N. Y., Oct. 23d, by Rev. W. H. MEGIE, HORACE G. SMITH, M. D., of Waterloo, and Miss CATHARINE A., daughter of JOHN CARMAN, Esq., of Junius.

Died.

IN this city, on the 25th ult., of Typhoid Fever, JAS. AUSTIN DRUM, aged 36 years and 10 months.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

$75 A MONTH.—I want to hire AGENTS in every County to sell a new, cheap SEWING MACHINE, at $75 per month and expenses. Address (with stamp)
616-6t S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

PATENT AGENCY, Rochester, N. Y.—Examination at the Patent Office for $5. Caveats filed for $20. Patents guaranteed on doubtful cases. Address
616-3t J. FRASER, Box 150, Rochester, N. Y.

A WONDERFUL LITTLE MICROSCOPE, magnifying small objects 500 times, will be sent to any applicant on receipt of *twenty-five cents* in silver, and one pink stamp. Five of different powers for One Dollar. Address Mrs. M. S. WOODWARD, Box 1554, Philadelphia, Pa. 616-4t

A GOOD SMALL FARM—Situated on the Spencerport road (and adjoining the Niagara Falls branch of the N. Y. Central Railroad) in the town of Gates, 4 miles west of Rochester, is offered for sale. It contains 27 3-5 acres, under a high state of cultivation; rich gravelly soil; plenty of fruit of choice varieties. Price low, and terms easy. Apply on the premises or address
615-4t C. H. MARSH, Gates, Monroe Co., N. Y.

SEEDLING STOCKS.—BRISTOL & WILLIAMS, DANSVILLE, LIV. CO., N. Y., have a very large and fine stock of PEAR SEEDLINGS, 1 and 2 years old.
PLUM, CHERRY, and APPLE STOCKS.
DWARF PEAR TREES, 2 years from bud, first class.
Also, PLUM PITS. All of which they offer for fall and spring trade at reduced prices. BRISTOL & WILLIAMS,
616-2t Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

960 BUILDING LOTS In a beautiful city of the West, with a population of near 20,000, to be given as Premiums to Subscribers for moral, religious and historical works of art. For particulars address
414-4t D. H. MULFORD, 167 Broadway, New York.

APPLE STOCKS—1,000,000 one year, and 2,000,000 two year old Apple Stocks, at from $1.50 to $3.00 ₩ 1,000. Our Stocks are unsurpassed, and we offer them for CASH at the above war prices. ENSIGN & FORD,
614-tf Ohio Nurseries, Toledo, Ohio.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILLINOIS.—Per 1,000—APPLE TREES, extra 1 to 4 yrs., $15 to $60; SCIONS, $1.50; APPLE STOCKS, fine, (1 and 2 yrs. purchasers' choice,) selected for grafting, $2; 2d class, $1; MAZZARD CHERRY, fine, 1 yr. $3; OSAGE ORANGE, $1.50 and $2.50; ROOT-GRAFTS, 10,000, $40; HOUGHTON GOOSEBERRY, $10 to $20; WILSON'S STRAWBERRY, $3; T. DE GAND, 100, $1.50, &c., &c. TULIPS, over 300 sorts, the best Am. collection we know of, lasting over 2 months in flower; mostly $1 to $3 ₩ 100, &c., &c. 614-3t
☞ *See Catalogues.* F. K. PHOENIX.

NEW ENTERPRISES.—Any desired information about PRICES OF ADVERTISING, and of PRINTING, furnished GRATIS.
GEO. BOWERYEM, Commission Agent, New York.

HUBBARD & NORTHROP,

Are now offering, at their

POPULAR SALES ROOM,

Nos. 69 & 71 Main St., Marble Buildings,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

A CHOICE AND COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

European and American Dress Goods,
Black and Fancy Dress Silks,
Broche and Woolen Long Shawls,
Broche and Woolen Square Shawls,
Bombazines, Alpacas and Paramattas,
French Merinos, (Best Assortment in Rochester,)
French and American Prints and Ginghams,
House Furnishing Goods, Woolen Blankets,
Lace and Muslin Drapery, (Yard or Set,)
Wrappers and Drawers, Ladies' and Gentlemen's,
White Goods, Embroideries, Hosiery, &c.

—ALSO—

Bleached and Brown Sheetings and Shirtings,
Tickings, Denims and Towelings,

At LESS than the present New York prices.

Notwithstanding the general stagnation in almost every department of business during the last few months, it is with much satisfaction that we are able to record the fact that our efforts to maintain our former amount of business have been entirely successful, and in some departments the sales have increased over those of any previous year.

EVERY DEPARTMENT CONTAINS BARGAINS!

Which we should be happy to exhibit, confidently believing that they would be appreciated by the most economical purchaser. We are also extensive manufacturers of

LADIES' CLOTH GARMENTS.

Every desirable grade of Cloth and Beaver CLOAKS, of the most approved and Fashionable Styles, are now offered by us in great variety. We are also prepared to

MANUFACTURE GARMENTS TO ORDER,

AT A FEW HOURS' NOTICE.

For those who prefer selecting their own Cloths.

We have taken great pains to perfect arrangements appertaining to this popular branch of our business, and we are every month acquiring more and more popularity in the Manufacturing Department.

☞ OUR PRICES, ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.
HUBBARD & NORTHROP,
612 69 & 71 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Rochester Light Carriage Factory,
No. 145 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

I have now rented a portion of the Carriage Factory formerly occupied by Elliott & Lodewick, where I will manufacture all kinds of light Carriages and Sleighs of the lightest and improved styles. Great attention will be paid to all kinds of repairing. I will make to order any kind of Carriage wood-work for any other establishment, and will sell to them lower than they can manufacture. J. HUGH McDONOUGH.
Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1861. 610-13teo

CARPETINGS!

300 PIECES THIS DAY RECEIVED!

COMPRISING EVERY VARIETY the market affords. Prices varying from 1s. to $5 the yard—making the most EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT to be found in any house in this country, in *Styles, Colorings, Elegance of Design*, and PRICES.

We have spared no pains to make our Stock the MOST ATTRACTIVE ever offered in any one season, and we fully *anticipate a large trade.*

The time is passing when CARPETS *can be sold at the present prices.* ALL manufacturers have stopped their looms, and say they will not make another piece of goods until the prices *advance.*

Carpetings

Are made from IMPORTED WOOL, and the large demand for that kind of stock for Army cloth *has greatly increased the price.*

THE ABOVE FACTS should be borne in mind by all who are about to purchase any kind of a CARPET, and *at once make their selections.*

100 *PIECES FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,*

Just received, in all widths.

☞ STOVE RUGS IN OIL CLOTH. Also,

50 PIECES DRUGGETS,

In new and beautiful Colorings.

FELTINGS, DOOR MATS,

STAIR CARPETINGS, STAIR-RODS, &c.

In fact, we have made extensive additions in *every department of our Stock*, and will be SOLD AT PRICES TO SUIT THE CLOSEST BUYERS. HOWE & ROGERS,
610-eotf Carpet Ware Rooms, 35 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

CANCER CURE.—DR. N. BABCOCK'S MEDICAL and SURGICAL OFFICE and great CANCER EMPORIUM, No. 392 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn. Cancers and Tumors of all descriptions removed without pain, and without the use of the knife. *Dr. BABCOCK* would inform all persons afflicted with Cancers or Tumors of any description, that by addressing a letter to him, they will be furnished with a circular of his mode of treatment, free of charge.

Dr. BABCOCK is the original Cancer Doctor of New England, and the only one who removes Cancers without pain. All others are but imitators, induced by his success to profess themselves Cancer Doctors. Plenty of references to those who have been cured can be seen at my office.

White Swellings, Hip Diseases, Birth Marks, Scrofulous and Malignant Ulcers, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Ulceration of the Bones, Tetter, Scald Head, and all Diseases of the Skin, permanently cured.

Orders from abroad promptly attended to.
DR. N. BABCOCK,
608-13t No. 392 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

CHESTER COUNTY PIGS.—The undersigned is now prepared to execute orders for the fall trade, for his stock of *pure* Chester County Pigs. These are selected with great care and chiefly from premium stock. Reference is made to purchasers of past seasons, in all sections of the Union. Price, $18 per pair not akin, boxed and delivered in Philadelphia; payment in advance.
PASCHALL MORRIS, Agricultural and Seed Warehouse,
607-tf 1,120 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PRATT'S

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

54 State St., Mansion House Block,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST REGULATED

SHOE STORE

IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

A Full assortment of both

Eastern and Home-Made Work

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

All kinds of Boots and Shoes

MADE TO ORDER,

And the work done promptly when promised.

NO MISREPRESENTATIONS ALLOWED FOR THE

SAKE OF SELLING.

Parties buying goods at this Store can IN ALL CASES have

THEIR MONEY REFUNDED

If they desire it, if the goods bought are not as represented or do not fit and are returned in good order.

PERSONS from the COUNTRY

Visiting the city and wishing to purchase Good Boots and Shoes, should be sure to find this Store.

PRATT,
54 State Street, Mansion House Block,
Third Door South of Market Street

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.

Notice is Hereby Given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next; at which election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. HIRAM SMITH, Sheriff.
Dated, August 1st, 1861.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 1, 1861.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

SIR,—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of David R. Floyd Jones.
A Comptroller, in the place of Robert Denniston.
An Attorney General, in the place of Charles G. Myers.
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond.
A State Treasurer, in the place of Philip Dorsheimer.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Hiram Gardner, for full term.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Benjamin F. Bruce, who was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Samuel H. Barnes.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Josiah T. Everest.
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of George F. Comstock.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of Henry Welles, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Senator, for the Twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the County of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Three Members of Assembly.
A Sheriff, in the place of Hiram Smith.
A County Clerk, in the place of Dyer D. S. Brown.
A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Henry H. Babcock.
Two Justices of Sessions, in the places of Alpheus S. Clark and Daniel B. DeLand.
Three Coroners, in the place of Frederick Reichenback, Oscar F. Brown and James W. Craig.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. 606-td

AGENTS WANTED to SELL FRUIT TREES.—We wish to employ a number of experienced and trustworthy men to sell trees, &c., from our Nurseries at liberal wages.

WHOLESALE DEALERS furnished with Nursery, Stock of all descriptions at the *lowest wholesale rates.*
HOOKER, FARLEY & CO.,
534tf Rochester Wholesale Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES

WITH NEW

Glass Cloth Presser and Hemmers,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. beg to state that they have reduced the prices of their SEWING MACHINES, while they have added new and important improvements. The reduction is made in the hope that the Company will have no more legal expenses defending their patents.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
579-tf *ROCHESTER, N. Y.*

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1¾ tuns of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with stone. Address (434-tf.) C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.

THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published. ☞ RURAL Agents entitled to premiums, and who are offered a choice of books, can select from this list.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia	$4 00
Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25
Allen on the Grape	1 00
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings	6 00
American Florist's Guide	75
Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25
Blake's Farmer at Home	1 25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 25
Bright on Grape Culture, 2d edition	50
Browne's Bird Fancier	50
Browne's Poultry Yard	1 00
Do. Field Book of Manures	1 25
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't	1 50
Do. Florist's Guide	60
Do. Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	60
Do. Fruit Cult. Manual	60
Breck's Book of Flowers	1 00
Buist's Flower Garden	1 25
Do. Family Kitchen Gard.	75
Chemical Field Lectures	1 00
Chinese Sugar Cane and Sugar Making	25
Chorlton's Grape Grower's Guide	60
Cobbett's Am. Gardener	50
Cottage and Farm Bee-keeper	50
Cole's Am. Fruit Book	50
Do. Am. Veterinarian	50
Dadd's Modern Horse Doc.	1 00
Do. Am. Cattle Doctor	1 00
Do. Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse	2 00
Do. colored plates	4 00
Dana's Muck Manual	1 00
Do. Prize Essay on Manures	25
Darlington's Weeds and Useful Plants	1 50
Davy's Devon Herd Book	1 00
Domestic and Ornamental Poultry	1 00
Do. colored plates	2 00
Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees	1 75
Downing's Landscape Gardening	3 50
Do. Rural Essays	3 00
Eastwood's Cranberry Culture	50
Elliott's West. Fruit Book	1 25
Every Lady her own Flower Gardener	50
Family Doctor by Prof. H. S. Taylor	1 25
Farm Drainage, (H. F. French)	1 00
Fessenden's Farmer and Gardener	1 25
Do. Am. Kitchen Garden	50
Field's Pear Culture	1 00
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Flint on Grasses	1 25
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Leuchar's Hot Houses	1 25
Liebig's Familiar Letters to Farmers	50
Linsley's Morgan Horses	1 00
Miner's Bee-keeper's Manual	1 00
Miles on the Horse's Foot	50
Milburn on Cow	25
Modern Cookery by Miss Acton and Mrs. S. J. Hale	1 25
Mrs. Abel's Skillful Housewife and Ladies' Guide	50
Saxton's Rural Hand Books, bound in 4 Series, each	1 25
Munn's Land Drainer	50
Nash's Progressive Farmer	60
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Norton's Elements of Agriculture	60
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Pedder's Land Measurer	50
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Phelps' Bee-keeper's Chart	25
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Weeks on Bees	25
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Youatt & Martin on Cattle	1 25
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Do. on Sheep	75
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☞ Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

PRAYER FOR THE UNION.

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

A LAND of law and Gospel peace,
Of richest fruits and flowers—
God's Eden of the Western World,—
What land so blest as ours?
How shall we prove our grateful thanks
To Thee, O, bounteous Giver!
Whose own right hand hath made us one,
By lake, and gulf, and river?
Lord, write this law on every heart:
"*Our Union now and ever!*"
For Thou has taught us through Thy Son,
That those whom Thou hast joined in one
No human hand should sever.

The hero-souls whose prophet-dreams
Shine out in classic story,
Find here, at last, the "promised land,"
The shrine of freedom's glory.
Our hallowed flag of Stars and Stripes,
What memories brighten o'er it;
The hope of millions yet unborn—
E'en despots bow before it!
Lord, write this law on every heart:
"*Our Union now and ever!*"
For Thou didst teach us through Thy Son,
That those whom Thou hast joined in one
No human hand should sever.

The serpent crept in Eve's pure heart,
And by his cunning won it;
Woe, woe unto our Eden-land;
The serpent's trail is on it!
A million hands, by madness nerved,
Would strike their common mother;
A million souls cry out for blood—
The blood e'en of a brother.
O, God, to whom our fathers prayed
In bonds of sweet communion,
Stretch forth Thy strong, almighty hand,
To still the tempest in our land,
And save our blessed UNION!

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ESTHER MILLER'S VOW.

BY ANNA DANFORTH.

"YOUR friend, Mrs. LEIGHTON, has left us. Her work on earth is done, and she has gone higher." I read this sad news from a letter just received, and as I read it exclaimed aloud, "Dear Mrs. LEIGHTON."

"ANNA DANFORTH, what do you mean?" The voice of ESTHER MILLER rang out sharp and intense at the first word, but at the last it was low and hoarse. I looked up startled, and saw upon her face a look of keen sorrow,—of fierce despair, rather,—such as I never saw before upon mortal visage. ESTHER was my companion and friend in my father's house, for I was motherless. She had been for the past five years our village school-mistress. Indeed it was as my own teacher that I had first known and loved her, and when Death, swooping earthward, carried hence my mother, and left our great, dreary house with no inhabitants but my quiet old father and myself, she had yielded to my intercessions and accepted his invitation to make our house her home. ESTHER never spoke of any previous home or friends, and it seemed almost impossible to me that she had not dropped down from some other sphere, or that she had ever loved or been loved upon earth, before she came among us. She was one of those calm, serene beings who, upon startling occasions, flash up with such brilliant corruscations of feeling and expression as show us at once that only by the most severe discipline and trial they have learned that serenity which astonishes and quiets the observer.

Indeed, when she first came to us, she often wept, and there were frequent days of sadness and tearful melancholy, but for a long time her face had worn a quiet, sad, unchangeable smile. Never before had I seen her so strangely moved, but often had said to myself, "there is, surely, some 'hidden meaning' behind the peaceful exterior ESTHER MILLER shows the world."

"ANNA DANFORTH, what do you mean?" She had started up, dropping the delicate embroidery over which she had been employed, and was gazing intently into my face.

"What is it, ESTHER," I cried, nervously. "What have I said? What have I done? I am sure I said nothing."

"You spoke to *me*," she exclaimed almost fiercely. "You called my name."

I explained more than once the involuntary exclamation which had escaped me. The second time she seemed to comprehend, and the color and excited look went out of her face leaving, it so ghastly that I thought she was dying. Soon, however, the old smile came back to her face, and settled there so dim and tearful that the tears sprang to my eyes.

"But why," I asked, "has it affected you so very sadly? There is surely some meaning in all this."

"Yes, ANNA, I will tell you. No good, certainly, is coming of this secret grief, and if it will not be burdensome, you shall hear the story of my life."

Like most young girls, eager for glimpses into the real tragedies of existence, and always expecting to draw therefrom some choice bit of romance, I urged her to go on, little thinking how the time would come, and so soon, when with a vision sharpened by sorrow and suffering, life would be to me such a constant weeping tragedy that my soul would shrink from all these heart rending personal histories. She drew an ottoman close to my feet, laid her face in my lap, and for many moments sat in a kind of shuddering silence.

"ANNA, you spoke my name," she begun at length, and her voice took a sharp, bitter, accent which I had never heard before, but which it did not lose through the whole of her narrative. "You call me ESTHER MILLER. ESTHER was the name my mother called me by, and my name was ESTHER DANE, when I was a maiden, but is now Mrs. ESTHER LEIGHTON." I gave a start of surprise, and she threw her arms around me. "You shall hear it now," she exclaimed, "you shall not go until you know it all. Oh, ANNA DANFORTH, far back in my childhood, I remember almost nothing but suffering and woe. My father,—or he who should have been a father to me,—was only a dread, a shame, a curse. I never loved him. I believe I always hated him. I remember when he was not a loathsome, bloated drunkard; but I do not remember when he did not make a fiend of himself, by occasional intemperance. My mother and myself, for we were all, (or rather one, a darling sister was too soon in heaven to mingle her tears with ours,) struggled with a miserable poverty alone in the world, for my mother seemed to neither look for or accept sympathy from others.

"Well, I grew to womanhood, wept over my own shame; wept, too, over my mother's living death; and at last, when I saw her die, I wept alone over her murdered body, slain, it is true, not by the hand of violence, but by a crushed and mangled heart, and you may be sure my whole soul was filled with loathing at the very name of that foul stuff whose touch is death. On my knees, while she was dying, and with her hand clasped in mine, I repeated after her the vow that none who looked with approving eyes even upon the wine cup, should be written upon my list of friends. 'GOD keep you, my child, and may you never be a drunkard's wife,' were the last words she ever uttered.

"There were dark weeks following this; they lengthened themselves to months, and finally to years. How I spent them I hardly know. There were days of hunger, and cold, and of suffering almost untold. Sometimes I would be left alone for weeks, subsisting upon what the mercy of the drunkard had left me, and upon the roots and nuts or berries I could find in the woods; sometimes I would drag out a few miserable weeks in the kitchen of some of our neighbors. How I was haunted by the spectre of my drunken father. Occasionally, with something like hope I looked forward to the dim future, but more frequently there seemed enwrapping me a cloud of darkness which might be felt. Oh, yes, how it was felt, and how it turned the sweetest waters of my soul to bitterness and despair.

"My mother had educated me, and at seventeen I resolved to bear it no longer. So taking with me my slight wardrobe, my mother's Bible and her picture, I went on foot, and without my father's knowledge, to a distant place, where a person who had known my mother obtained for me in the country a small district school. The first three months passed quietly and pleasantly,—I might say happily,—for my spirits, naturally bouyant, rebounded vigorously now that the dreadful incubus resting on me in the presence of the curse of my life was removed. I scarcely knew myself, I was growing so happy and gay. The fall months passed in the same way. I love to remember those days, for though they would have been a weariness to some, with the cares and anxieties of teaching, to *me* they were only a blessing—a delight. But the *winter*,—I scarcely dare remember the winter. It proved to be the dazzling daylight of my life. For the first time in my life I had a friend. And such a friend. If there be nobility in goodness, in honor, in brave and earnest love,—if purity, and right, and hatred of everything weak, or low, or vile, dignifies man, then, I said to myself, surely the noblest of the race is now my friend, ever henceforward to be the friend and protector of the drunkard's daughter.

"It is sweet to all, no doubt, to be loved; but to one whose life has been as mine had, so lost and forsaken, it was *beautiful, glorious!* I looked forward joyfully to the rest and peace before me, and yet I was in no haste for the wedding day, for I was so happy where I was, in the home of his uncle, that I almost trembled at the thought of any change, lest the charm should be broken. Oh, why did those who professed to love me so well let me go blindfold to misery and utter despair?

"Well, the spring came and we were married. Why should I forget that day,—that day, so beautiful in the skies above my head, so brilliant in the light which it cast upon the path before me,—a path which I saw thickly strewn with only thornless flowers? No, I will not forget, I will remember it always to thank GOD that I have a least seen sunlight and flowers. There were a few weeks of bustle and rejoicing, and then we went to our home and began the new way of life before us,—I, with nothing but hope, and trust, and confidence. I could sit here all night and talk of the few sweet months that followed; and though you might get weary of the story, I never could. But they had a speedy end. Oh, if the bitterness which followed could have been as short!"

Here poor ESTHER'S voice was lost in a passionate burst of grief, and when I raised her head and looked into her agonized face, I begged of her to rest and tell me what yet remained of her sad history, at some future time. She shook her head and would have gone on, but a sudden faintness overtook her, and I was obliged to ring for aid to take her to bed.

"I have commenced my story, and must finish it," said ESTHER, an hour later, as she lifted her pale face from the pillow, and motioned me to be seated upon the bed by her side. "One bright moonlight night I sat by the open window, devising plans for future pleasure,—for I was fast forgetting what sorrow was. The evening was clear and remarkably light. By some means I fell asleep, and was awakened by the clock striking twelve, and at the same moment I saw four men approaching the gate, and, oh! ANNA, they were carrying in their arms the body of my husband. Quicker than I can tell you, the conviction came to my mind that he was dead, and the blank, dark future lay spread out before me. Yet I had said in my heart, 'Thank GOD for this brief space of rest and happiness. I will bear this bravely and like a christian who has learned to say 'Not my will, but thine.'' A strange, intense, despairing calm took possession of me, and I seemed impelled to action. When they came to the door, I had already lighted the gas, prepared a lounge to receive him, and had even started a fire, for though it was still August, the night, I thought, was chilly. Those were surely strange faces for the bearers of the dead. 'Is he dead?' I sobbed out as they dropped the body heavily upon the lounge, and a convulsive sound came from the open mouth."

"Well, if he is, it isn't the first time by a good many dozens," replied one, coarsely. "Don't fret, madam, he'll come to."

"Not dead? yes, worse, far worse. Death, real death, is beautiful, is grand, is deifying; but this was vile, degrading, loathsome. He was drunk! I had thought I was a christian. I had said that my will was given up,—was lost in the will of GOD. Day by day upon my knees I had prayed, 'Forgive me my trespasses as I forgive those who trespass against me.' I had said, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' But now, my peace on earth and my hopes of Heaven lay prostrate, side by side, murdered once more by the sin accursed of GOD and man. With my head bowed upon my hand, and alone by the loathsome 'body of this death,' I went over in my mind all the past,—my miserable, half-starved childhood,—my mother's agony, and tears, and death. I stood again by her dying bed, and heard once more her tearful injunctions to shun the society of any who, ever so seldom, dared to look upon the wine when it was red. 'GOD save you from being a drunkard's wife!' How those last words rang in my ears. Alas, that even a mother's prayers had not availed in my behalf.

"And then I thought how I had been deceived, and I believed that all the love I ever had cherished for him was turned to bitterness and hatred. I glanced for a moment at the future,—it was only for a moment, for in that glance the tenderest thoughts and hopes of my heart were turned to fierceness. I remember I stood up and cursed the drunken remnant of a man, who was not then, and thenceforward never could be, *my husband*. Then I left him. Before the sun rose and looked upon my torture, I was far away from what had been my home. I did not know, did not care whither I went. I seemed to be escaping from my misery. It was three days before I stopped for rest or food, and had come from a Southern city to within a few miles of this place. I believe I was really insane, and all that fall I doubt if my reason controlled my actions, for it passed in a sad, dreamy apathy; and, as the winter approached and deepened, I remember a gradual waking up to a sense of my situation and sorrow. With consciousness came a longing desire for work,—something to turn my thoughts into a new channel. Every night I sobbed out, in the bitterness of my soul, 'Would GOD it were morning,' and every morning, 'Would GOD it were night.' I sought, and at length obtained the situation which I came here to fill, and was known among you as ESTHER MILLER, for I had renounced, with my husband, his name.

"During the first two years I was here, I never once bent my knee,—never once lifted up my heart or voice to 'Our Father which is in heaven.' I could not, for among my soul's most precious things, I cherished the hatred which had been born in it that night toward the man who had deceived and well nigh destroyed me. I may have done wrong; I know not. GOD, who best knows the weakness of my nature, and angels, I believe, bare witness to my innocence, when I repeat my vow never to be a drunkard's wife; and if I have erred in following too hastily the dictates of the instinct which prompted me to flee from the fate I saw before me, He is merciful, and I doubt not has forgiven. I pray for EDWARD LEIGHTON now, forgiving him in my heart, knowing for how much I, too, must be forgiven. I have made two hasty journeys into the neighborhood of my old home, and though I have never seen him, yet I have learnt that he is 'joined to his idols,' a wreck, a disgrace only to his manhood."

Thus ESTHER'S story ended. I am myself not without sin, therefore let me not cast the first stone at her.

It was a year after this when the cholera broke out in our little village. Its poisonous breath tainted the air, and for a time death reigned triumphant among us. My father, who was a physician, scarcely ate or slept; and I, whom he had accustomed from earliest childhood to the sight of sickness and suffering, went constantly among the sick and dying. One night ESTHER and myself, both oppressed with sadness,—for now every feeling heart was turned to a fountain of tears,—had retired to our rooms, resolved, if possible, to compose our minds to rest. I had fallen into a light slumber, when I was aroused by the violent ringing of the bell, and a moment after I heard my father's voice, calling upon me to dress speedily and come to him. ESTHER was already in the parlor when I arrived, and my father was telling her of some one who was sick and suffering at a small public house near at hand.

"The man will die, no doubt," I heard him say, "for he seems to be suffering in mind as well as body. But there is no one to care for him. The landlord, himself, is sick, and everybody in the house seems panic-stricken. You will do well to go together," he continued, turning to me, "as I can only remain with you a few moments."

When we reached the house, ESTHER hesitated a moment in the hall, and I followed my father to the bedside. I would have shrieked with terror, only that I had grown accustomed to such sights. The glassy eyes, rolling to and fro, the peculiar purple pallor of the skin,—which seemed as if strained over the bony forehead and cheeks,—the look of utter and inexpressible weariness, were all familiar. The stamp of death was plainly discernible upon the brow which, distorted as it was, showed signs of early beauty. My father whispered me that the man had been grossly intemperate, and that there was no hope. I always shrank with a kind of loathing from those cases where this dreadful disease had laid its hand upon those whose former habits had already defiled them, and rendered them such fitting prey; but a look of quiet reproof from my father restored me, and I laid my hand, which was almost icy cold, upon his forehead. He started up suddenly, crying out—

"Oh, KATY, KATY, have you come?"

A quick, wild shriek startled me, and the next moment ESTHER, pale and almost gasping for breath, knelt at the bedside. I comprehended the truth, and begged of my father to take her away, but she would not be moved. All night she knelt there, starting up now and then to offer him some cooling drink, and murmuring, again and again, "GOD help me."

The constitution of the man wrestled fearfully with the death-commissioned disease, but at sunlight he was dead. There were two or three intervals of consciousness during the night, when he was aware of her presence and spoke tenderly to his poor wife. But, oh, what a shattered wreck of manhood was there. The foul destroyer had stamped upon face, and form, and mind, his own hateful seal; and the vile blasphemies which rang from his lips during his spasms of pain, waken me now, by their memory, in terror from my sleep. May GOD have heard his wild prayer for forgiveness,—the last words his lips uttered.

What passed between them when I left them alone in his sane moments I never knew, for when his distorted face was stilled in death, and his cramped limbs straightened for the grave, the hand of the noonday waster was upon herself, and in a few hours KATY LEIGHTON slept beside her husband. "Bury us together," she whispered, "bury us in one grave."

So we buried them. If not thither, "where *shall* rest be found?"

◆

A STRING OF PEARLS.

SUSPICION is the virtue of a coward.

THE tongue is the worst part of a bad servant.

WHEN you cannot see both ends, the middle is uncertain.

A JEALOUS man poisons his own banquet, and then partakes of it.

WE pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

SOME men are drones in the money-cells of to-day, who fill the honey-cells of to-morrow and a thousand morrows.

THE country is a sugar-plum, which should be taken when we want the bitter pill of city life to go down easily.

THE bow loses its spring that is always bent; and the mind will never do much unless it sometimes does nothing.

WINK at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy you make a thousand.

Wit and Humor.

PRENTICE-ISMS.

JEFF. THOMPSON, the noted secession leader, says, in his proclamation to the citizens of South Missouri: "Come and join us; we have forty thousand Belgian muskets coming, but bring your guns with you, if you have any." "I have millions of money," said a dashing gent to the girl about to run away with him, "but you might as well scrape up all the jewelry and spare change you have got."

A MEMPHIS paper complains of a systematic attempt of certain Kentucky papers to rob Gen. Polk of his reputation. We have heard of an unfortunate man who came very near being robbed of a hundred chickens; nothing prevented except that he hadn't the chickens.

THE New Orleans Bee says that Louisiana has contracted for a large amount of heavy ordnance. Probably she has reason to hope that this ordnance won't be as destructive to herself as her ord'nance of secession was.

BULWER'S "Last of the Barrons" was not last. There was one more Barron left, and we've got him in Fort Lafayette.

How the Rebels smoke our plans.—By way of Port Tobacco.

QUITE NATURAL!—At the last accounts from Virginia, the Rebels were still on the *Cheat*.

WHERE Berden's riflemen should be stationed when they get to Washington—at Shuter's Hill.

FLOYD'S latest exploit—He ran away—by Gauly.

IMPORTANT to National Hymmers—a Prussian Salem has just been introduced into our army.

LATEST stock intelligence from Missouri—Southern bonds are falling off.

◆

WARRANTED SAFE IN ANY CLIMATE.—"I have joined the Home Guard," said Mr. Furguson.

"What for?" said Mrs. Furguson.

"When so many of our soldiers are away, Madame," said Mr. Furguson, "our country needs some Safeguard."

"Well," said Mrs. Furguson, "you have certainly joined the Safest Guard I know of!"

◆

A CHAP, calling himself Reuben Hill, recommends a quack nostrum known as "Dyspeptic Cordial," which, he says, cured himself of the rheumatism, his wife of the sick headache, his daughter of the fever and ague, and his mother of a bad cough, besides mending the cellar stairs and putting the baby to sleep.

◆

"WILL you let us alone?" a hero cried,
And a bold financier was he,
"*A loan?*" all the bulls and bears replied
"No! nary a red from me!"
And they looked at King Cotton, as he sat on his throne,
With Jeff. Davis for prince, and they "let him alone."

◆

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for boarders. One of his boarders mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

◆

"WELL, Jeems," said Zeb, "I kissed Julia for the first time last night, and I declare it electrified me." "No wonder," said Jeems, "it was a gal-vanic battery."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 10, 7, 4 is a cloth made of cotton.
My 2, 7, 18, 3 is a solemn affirmation.
My 3, 7, 9, 18 is to stop.
My 4, 14, 7, 8 is not far distant.
My 5, 2, 6, 16, 10, 11 is a waterfall.
My 6, 7, 9, 11, 10, 8 is a small cable.
My 7, 13, 15, 9, 10, 18 is a bracelet.
My 8, 7, 10, 11 is to rub out.
My 9, 16, 7, 10, 10, 13 is one who gleans after the reapers.
My 10, 17, 18, 6, 13, 2, 4, 14 is to exalt.
My 11, 18, 16, 18, 15 is a commotion of the elements.
My 12, 8, 14, 11, 3 is not old.
My 13, 10, 7, 9 is no whim.
My 14, 7, 8, 9 is a nobleman.
My 15, 16, 17, 18, 6 is a part of the year.
My 16, 8, 4, 7, 15, 14, 17, 18 is liked by ladies.
My 17, 14, 5, 18, 7, 13 was the beverage of the gods.
My 18, 8, 7, 17, 11, 16, 15 is a part of a ship.
My whole is the name of a man who was once a candidate for President.

Rochester, N. Y., 1861. G. VAN INGEN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 9, 13, 14, 9, 12 is a country in Asia.
My 12, 4, 12, 15, 9, 12, 13 is a sea in Asia.
My 14, 12, 13, 17, 15, 18 is a river in Europe.
My 11, 17, 4, 12, 16 is a mountain in Europe.
My 6, 5, 16, 12, 7, 12, 4, 11 is one of the United States.
My 13, 3, 7, 15, 3, 4, 13 is a town in North Carolina.
My 1, 4, 3, 13. 1 is a river in Canada.
My 2, 12, 7, 12, 9, 9 is an island in Oceanica.
My 8, 17, 3, 10 is a county in Texas.
My whole is what every American citizen should cherish.

October, 1861. GEO. W. EARNEST.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

MY form is slender and frail, my complexion is light,
I am active in business and appear rather bright;
I was drawn from my bed where in contentment I lay,
Banged, beaten, and bruised, in a most savage way;
My temper aroused, and it yet remains high,
I would break sooner than bend, such firmness have I.
I am made of high stuff, as my looks plainly show,
And innocent blood I oft cause to flow;
I cause premature death—many a heart-rending sigh,
Yet the tear of affliction never moistened my eye
I am the tool of peace-makers, and render my aid
In closing up breaches imprudently made;
I work for the living—I work for the dead—
But for me many thousands would lack daily bread.
I am pushed, pulled, and twitched, from morning till night,
My motions are swift as a bird's in its flight;
No creature of earth is more useful than I,
You can't live without me, it's of no use to try—
I seek not your pity, nor your sympathies claim,
All the favor I ask is to just tell my name.

Honeoye Falls, N. Y., 1861. J. C., JUN'R.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 614.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The good alone are great.

Answer to Charade:—Broom-stick.

Answer to Charade:—Popular.

A Seasonable Announcement—which please Read, and then Show or Proclaim to your Acquaintances.

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THE LEADING AND MOST POPULAR

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OCTOBER 26, 1861. ADDRESS D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.